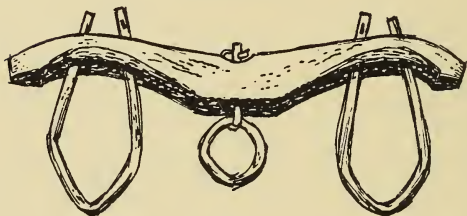


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VOLUME XIX

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Abraham Lincoln

THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR, WHO
PRESERVED THE UNION

By CLIFFORD SMYTH

AUTHOR OF "THE GILDED MAN"

FORMER EDITOR

"THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW," ETC.



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A Boy of the Forest

FOUR MEN born in 1809 profoundly influenced the main currents of nineteenth-century life and thought: Charles Darwin, whose theory of evolution still excites the controversial interest of scientists the world over; Alfred Tennyson, the laureate whose song, like a sweeping flame of gold, kindled an epoch remarkable for its brilliant poetry; Edgar Allan Poe, whose rich outpourings of prose and verse stimulated not only his native literature but the literatures of the Old World as well; and then, greater than these three in personality and achievement—Abraham Lincoln, who has become the symbol of the nation's spiritual destiny, and who still remains a mystery in spite of his many biographers.

1809—Annus Mirabilis!

In the lives of notable men, be they statesmen, warriors, poets, writers, philosophers,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

there is usually a trend of coherent narrative connecting their beginnings with whatever fate, circumstance and character may have wrought as the climax of their careers. In the case of Abraham Lincoln, however, this thread is at times difficult to follow, so baffling is the thicket of clashing opinion and prejudice that too frequently entangles it. To-day, in spite of the minute and careful research expended upon it, much of Lincoln's life remains clouded by controversy. Every now and then a duly documented "fact" is advanced to clarify some theory in regard to his personality, to coordinate the obscure details of his youth and early manhood. Already Lincoln is in the way of becoming a legend. The mystics claim him; the supernatural is invoked as a gloss on his phenomenal career.

Only during the last seven years of his life does the elusive figure of this First American, as Lowell called him, stand out clearly, freed from the veils of contradictory theories, a granite figure from which his

A BOY OF THE FOREST

country perennially gathers strength and inspiration. Back of those seven years stretches the long period from infancy to maturity, the scenes of which are laid now in the obscurity of frontier forests, in the pioneer environment of Southern Border States, and now in the vigorous town life of the Middle West.

When he was slowly rising to national prominence newspaper men were wont to ask Lincoln: "What of your early life? Your place of birth? Your family? Your first experiences?" To such questions he would reply, with a suggestion of boredom, dislike of the subject: "Set all that down as just one more of the simple annals of the poor."

Of his birthplace he spoke definitely: "I was born February 12, 1809, near where Hogginsville (Hodgenville) now is, then in Hardin County, Kentucky, at a point within the now county of La Rue, a mile or a mile and a half from where Hodgen's Mill now is. I know no means of identifying the precise locality. It was on Nolin's Creek."

No biographer cavils at this terse memorandum. But on such subjects as the character of his father or his mother, his youthful surroundings, his upbringing, his schooling, his occupation before he stepped into the glare of public life, the answers are contradictory. On one hand there are those who find Lincoln endowed with an excellent ancestry, admirable parents; his youth surrounded by beneficent influences; his character, miraculously acquired, of the kind traditionally belonging to heroic portraiture. Opposed to this view, others declare that Lincoln was brought up against a dark background of parental ignorance, descending at times to the brutalities of pure savagery, while his manners were tarnished with the crudities and vulgarities that not infrequently coarsen pioneer life.

There is "documentary proof," of course, for the authenticity of either picture, but to choose between them is, at times, bewildering. Those who would harmonize the Lincoln of tradition with the statesman that

emerges from the pages of history, are apt to find the truth in neither extreme, but rather in that middle path which balances fact and theory and follows the narrative that has for its guiding rule the average of likelihood.

Thus, as to ancestry, it seems reasonably certain that the first Lincoln to reach the United States came from Norfolk, England, and settled in Massachusetts in 1637, there becoming a weaver's apprentice. This Lincoln had two sons, neither of them conspicuous in the life of the colonies, wandering aimlessly, as they did, from New England to the South, and finally reaching Rockingham County, Virginia. There, in 1778, Thomas, son of Abraham Lincoln, was born.

Abraham, like most of his ancestors, had a thirst for exploring new territory. Incidentally, he was the first in this country to link his family name with tragedy. It was the kind of tragedy all too common in those pioneer days, when Death seemed to crouch behind every tree ready to

spring upon the first luckless wight to venture from the beaten trail. Thus, one day, this "grandfather" Lincoln, with his three sons, absorbed in cutting a clearing in the forest in order to extend the bounds of his Rockingham farm, was shot from ambush by an Indian bent on exterminating the white colonists before they became a nuisance.

Abraham's eldest son, Mordecai by name, rushed back to the cabin where his family lived, fetching thence a rifle with which to avenge his father. Returning at top speed to the unfinished clearing, he was barely in time to catch sight of an Indian heading for the forest with Thomas, youngest of the Lincoln brothers, slung over his shoulder. A shot from Mordecai's rifle and the dusky kidnaper dropped dead, leaving the boy, Thomas, future father of Abraham Lincoln of Sangamon County, Illinois, to scramble to his feet, breathless, but otherwise unharmed, from his first adventure.

Not long after this the Virginia home of Abraham's three sons was broken up, two of

the Lincolns, with their mother, pushing still further westward hoping to find settlements in which they could live with some prospect of bettering themselves. Mordecai stayed on the paternal acres which were his by inheritance. Incidentally, his famous nephew said of him years afterward that he had run off with all the talents of the family. In this general exodus, Thomas went with his mother to Washington County, where he picked up a slight knowledge of carpentry and cabinet-making; not enough, unfortunately, to help him to make his living.

Tom was lazy, too shiftless and illiterate to cultivate the opportunities that came his way, not only at this period, but, it would appear, always thereafter. He was uneducated; with much effort he could scrawl his name Lickern, instead of Linckorn—an accomplishment learned from his first wife, Nancy Hanks, whom he married in Kentucky, June 12, 1806. The log cabin in which they were married is now owned and preserved by the State.

Much has been written of Nancy Hanks. For some she is "a madonna of the wilderness," beautiful, pathetic, cultured, a romantic figure who transmitted her best qualities to her famous son. Then again she is depicted as belonging to a family of "poor whites," of whom the less said the better. There is little to support the wilderness madonna theory, while of Nancy's meager education and questionable birth there seems to be sufficient proof.

It was in her reputed father's shop that Thomas Lincoln picked up his scanty knowledge of carpentering. Here he met Nancy, proposed to her, was accepted—and the two were married near Beechland in Washington County. For a year and a half they lived in Elizabethtown, where a daughter was born to them, after which, abandoning town life, they moved to what is now La Rue County.

Here, on Sinking Spring Farm, they lived in a small cabin, a "camp house" made of poles, fourteen feet square, with a dirt floor,

no windows and the rudest expedient for a door. In this cabin Abraham Lincoln was born and passed the first four years of his life. There were no neighbors within miles, no outside interests; and Tom Lincoln's methods of gaining a livelihood, his poor knowledge of farming, added little to the home comforts of the young wife and her two children.

By the end of four years Sinking Springs Farm was abandoned, the Lincoln ménage starting on a sort of restless caravan career, moving from one locality to another. There was no special reason for this vagrant mode of living other than Tom Lincoln's inadequacy as a provider for his family. He was a good-natured, devil-may-care fellow, with occasional "spasms of religion" and a growing fame as a story-teller, a talent that seems to have been ingrained in the family for generations back.

As to these family movings, when the Lincolns exhausted the resources of one neighborhood, in true patriarchal style they

gathered up their belongings and trekked on to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Thus, in 1816, they left Kentucky altogether, venturing this time into the little-known regions of Indiana.

To accomplish this important pilgrimage, their belongings, consisting of a recent supply of bedding, clothing, a kit of tools and four hundred gallons of whisky, were loaded on a raft, which was first poled northward through the intricate watercourses of the State, then westward down the Ohio to Little Pigeon Creek, where, fifteen miles above its junction with the great river, a mile and a half east of the village of Gentryville, they settled.

This time it was not in a log cabin that they made their home. A half-faced structure, built of poles at the back and sides, open in front to whatever might come in the way of good or bad weather, sufficed them. An architectural masterpiece, at least in Tom Lincoln's eyes. It is said that his seven-year-old son, Abe, provided with an ax, had taken

part in its construction. The environment of primitive forest, uncultivated land, was far wilder than in Kentucky. Perhaps for this reason, the family lived here for the best part of fifteen years, an unconscionably long period of quiet for them, yet not without its dour changes and tragedies.

It was here that the pathetic figure of Nancy Hanks, Abe's mother, disappeared from the family chronicles. The farm on Little Pigeon Creek was far from healthful. Tom Lincoln, lacking even the rudimentary ideas of his contemporaries as to hygiene, had erected his cabin on a particularly unsanitary piece of ground, and there, after a residence of four years, Nancy was stricken with what was called milk sickness, a malarial disease, which proved fatal. She was buried in a nameless grave without funeral service or ceremony of any kind.

Not only her children, but even Tom Lincoln, that master of impassivity, speedily felt her loss. Everything seemed headed for ruin. The house, altho two of Nancy's rela-

tives were supposed to help look after it, soon lacked even the pretense of comfort or decent living. The slatternly farm became a thing of weeds and wilderness. A woman was needed. Moved at last, Tom sought his former home in Kentucky. He remembered that years ago a woman lived there, the first of her sex to catch his fancy. He had wooed her at that time and she had laughed at him. Why? He was too shiftless, she said.

Now, strong in the masculine belief in woman's frailty, he was confident that he could coax her to return with him to Pigeon Creek as his wife. In this, for one of the few times in his career, he proved successful. Changed circumstances pleaded in his favor. Sally Bush Johnstone was now a widow with three children, and in her ears the tale of her former lover, Tom Lincoln, the idler, sounded pleasantly. Moreover, she was assured, the man had, to a certain degree, made good. After all, there was that in his nature which had always appealed to her, and now impelled her to link her fate with his. So

the two went back to the farm near Gentryville.

An excellent woman, this Sally. There was no doubt as to her ability to become a helpmate of superlative worth to a man like Tom Lincoln. Under her efficient rule the wretched homestead was soon put in order, its slovenliness exorcised, its glaring discomforts exchanged for the furniture and the necessities of life. The Lincolns began to pick up in the world.

Best of all, that rapidly growing, neglected, ill-faring boy of ten, Abe Lincoln, found a stepmother who realized the crying needs of his youth, guessed something of his hitherto hidden qualities and charm, and forthwith encouraged him to study—to take up at least those essentials of learning, reading and writing.

In these matters, Abe's mind, until now, had lacked all guidance and was as cultivated as the most wayward bloom of the forest through which ran Little Pigeon Creek. Of actual schooling, indeed, he was

never to have more than a tithe of what the average youth of that time received. By his own estimate, his time spent in school "might add up altogether to about one year." After all, Franklin had no more. That Lincoln had this amount was due to his stepmother.

Once able to enter the paradise of books, Abe reveled in an entirely new life. A wastrel and an idler, growled his father. Tom had the dull man's respect for a wife of more than ordinary intelligence, but he was sure that she was all wrong about her stepson. Set a lad like that at a book! Why, Abe was getting to be a giant—and strong as a gorilla. Soon he would run the whole farm single-handed, while his old father took a rest. But events did not move that way. As time went on Tom found that Abe, instead of working on the farm, would sprawl for hours under a tree, deep in a book, doing nothing. On each occasion the paternal rage found vent in sneers, abuse, sometimes beatings—altho these grew troublesome as the "worthless boy" put on his inches.

Various itinerant schoolmasters contributed to the education of this "Boy of the Forest." They found him a quick learner, an avid reader. Into his hands there drifted *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Æsop's Fables*, *Sinbad the Sailor*, *Robinson Crusoe*; upon all of which he fell tooth and nail. Later, the Bible was added to the collection; then that ineffable mélange of fact and nonsense, Parson Weems's *Life of Washington*; Shakespeare, Burns, a history of the United States, the *Revised Statutes of Indiana*.

In the latter volume the young student, greatly charmed by the Weems biography, and made hungry for more knowledge of his country by the history in his possession, found the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. These were momentous discoveries, and from their study dates an extraordinary development in his mental powers and aims that proved incalculable in its influence on his future career.



War, Women, and Politics

THUS this boy of the forest, Lincoln in Indiana, gathered material that became more and more characteristic of him as he grew older in experience and the knowledge of men. Just now it was books. The handful of volumes that drifted ashore at the rude farm on Little Pigeon Creek began it.

Then there was writing, efforts at self-expression. Nothing really praiseworthy in that line of his erratic early education has come down to us. By those slavish admirers of Lincoln, who turn testily from the inexorable painting that "includes warts and all" and insist on seeing him only as he appeared in the days of his martyrdom, these early literary ventures are ignored, forgotten. Frequently, they were merely coarse reflections from the rude life of the unlettered folk with whom, during the first twenty years of his life, young Abe was familiar.

No man relished a rough jest, a story redolent of pioneer conditions at their crudest, more than Tom Lincoln's son. In these Indiana years the shadows from an impenetrable sorrow had not deepened his eyes. It was not long before he had a name as a humorist, a teller of tales. The young men of Gentryville asked nothing better than to listen to him by the hour, their love of rude mirth completely satisfied. He even wrote a book that years afterwards crawled into print, *The Chronicles of Reuben*, a rollicking tale, setting down, with imaginative twists, a yarn that Chaucer himself might well have spun. The juxtaposition of authors suggests possibilities: *Canterbury Tales*, by Geoffrey Chaucer—*Sangamon Tales*, by Abraham Lincoln. Well for America that the latter book was never written, and that its imagined author became instead the apotheosis of his country's glory!

There was more than reading and writing that Lincoln, when he reached manhood, took with him from Indiana. It was there

that the hard frontier task of reclaiming Pigeon Creek Farm from the wilderness developed in him a physique that became famous the countryside over for its strength and endurance. At the age of nineteen he stood six feet four in height, spare of frame, huge limbs covered with muscle—stepped with sinew. Those who remembered him in these early days—his cousin, for instance, Dennis Hanks, who lived with the Lincolns in Indiana—describe his shambling gait, his uncouth figure, the giant in him, not only as to height, but in the strength, slowness, sureness of his movements.

Naturally, there grew up countless tales of his prowess as a man of muscle. Many of these may be safely reckoned apocryphal. He was reputed to have done such deeds as are told of Samson, tearing up trees, carrying them on his shoulders, breaking down doors as easily as the ordinary man splinters a lath. He was the Strong Man of Gentryville.

Other characteristics had their beginnings

at this time; his kindness to animals, his love of children. Youth tho he was, keen for a rough-and-tumble game, rollicking with the best of them in sports that called for a tremendous output of muscular strength; the Pigeon Creek giant never indulged in the crueller pastimes, and they were many, of the frontier.

He was not the model industrious farmer of the story-books. He did not like work, and he did not hesitate to say so. Time and again, old Tom, catching his son flat on his back, his feet cocked against a tree, reading a book, seethed to the beating point. Then came an awkward, noisy half hour, leaving everything as before. Abe had small use for his father; he was weary of farm life. He longed to savor the world beyond the confines of Little Pigeon Creek. Gentryville offered him the most restricted kind of village life. There was a world outside, down the creek, down the Ohio, down the King of Waters that his day-dreams fed upon.

A glorious opportunity came to satisfy his

curiosity. James Gentry, leading man of Gentryville, had a flatboat stored with goods which he wanted to send to New Orleans. It needed a man, a sledgehammer, to take the long journey. He looked about him. None seemed to fill his requirements so well as Abe of Pigeon Creek. A bargain was struck—and at the age of nineteen Tom Lincoln's son sailed on his first venture down the Mississippi, taking with him Gentry's goods, also some of his own which he disposed of along the river.

It was a short trip, nor does there remain any record of Lincoln's experiences while taking it. Nevertheless, from that flatboat he gathered his first impressions of the outside world; he was wistful of testing the larger prospects that loomed for him beyond his forest prison. Change was in the air. By the time he returned to his father's cabin, the family had grown restless. They had lived in Indiana upwards of twelve years. Life had been arduous; Death had visited them: they were no better off, if as well off

as when they first set out from Kentucky. But they were tired of Indiana; again they were on the lookout for a new and better country.

This time Tom Lincoln, lured by a glowing report from John Hanks, one of his household, chose the Sangamon River, Illinois. Another long pilgrimage, and this time the Lincolns establish themselves in a fairly comfortable house near Decatur. Many years later this town is to stage a spectacle out of which will merge the "Rail-President." Just now it means Abe Lincoln's release. He is twenty-one; he is free. No more farming for him! Life lies before him, and adventure, and many things that occupied the long hours of silent dreaming for which he had become noted in Indiana.

But the new Odyssey was delayed. Young Lincoln could not leave his father in the precarious condition incident to the Illinois frontier without according him further help. There were still some necessary acres of forest land to be cleared, and only John

Hanks and Abe at hand for the task. After that was finished, there swirled down upon all that region a winter famous for generations to come, a winter of intense, killing cold, of titanic storms that obliterated old landmarks and brought unheard-of suffering and death to families struggling through a starved existence on frontier farms as well as in the more populous settlements themselves. No chronicle is extant, detailing what happened to the Lincolns during this dismal period.

With the coming of spring, Denton Offut, a traveling merchant, engaged Abe Lincoln and his cousin, John Hanks, to pilot a boatload of goods to New Orleans. Offut was popular throughout the Mississippi Valley for his robust personality, indefatigable industry, and high spirits. To work for him presented a magnificent opportunity, eagerly snapped up by Lincoln, who had never relinquished the wish to visit for a second time the mouth of the Mississippi.

After some irritating delays, the expe-

dition started for New Orleans. On the way down, and in New Orleans itself, Lincoln came in contact with some of the dark features of slavery. In the slave market he saw a mulatto girl put up for sale, like a piece of merchandise, and handed over to the highest bidder. He witnessed brutalities inflicted on slaves by their masters. The experience sank deep into his soul. "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard," he said.

Their business transacted, Lincoln and Hanks turned northward, not, however, to stay long in Decatur. Offut, vastly taken with his gigantic boatman, hired him to help establish a store that he had in mind in New Salem, a village of a dozen or more houses. Of course, there were delays. Then, in the summer of 1831, the store was opened.

The people of New Salem were of the rough, rugged type that gives spice and picturesqueness to frontier annals. From the first, Abe was a most popular storekeeper. Offut instinctively knew the virtues and

foibles of this hired man of his, and was profuse in his praise.

There was a gang of roughs at New Salem known as the Clary's Grove Boys. Jack Armstrong, a Herculean chap, with a flawless reputation as all-round athlete and pugilist, was their leader. Offut boasted to Armstrong that he had a man who could lick any of his "boys" singlehanded or in pairs.

The boast was taken up, and Armstrong challenged Lincoln to a wrestling match. A battle royal followed, at which all the New Salemites were present, with people from near-by settlements cheering in the background. How the match turned out has been variously reported. Some say that Armstrong was badly worsted, others the contrary. Henry McHenry declared that the fight was a draw, and that Lincoln said: "Jack, let's quit; I can't throw you, you can't throw me."

Whatever happened, from that day to the end of their lives Abe Lincoln and Jack Armstrong remained stanch friends, while the

Clary Boys, so long as they were an organization, were their vowed-to-the-death supporters.

But Offut's store did not prove a success. It was through no fault of the clerk; in the latter's words, the store simply "petered out." By the middle of 1832, when the crash came, Lincoln was without a job—and eight years later the village of New Salem itself was wiped off the map.

Jobs were scarce in the Illinois settlements. Abe, it is true, was known and liked by everybody throughout the neighborhood of New Salem and Springfield. Already he had attained a popularity second to none. But for the time being, handicapped by Offut's complete failure, the prospect for steady employment was slim.

He planned another trip down the Mississippi; he could find no backers. Clearing land, splitting rails, there was nothing else to do. For the first time he turned seriously to politics.

There was to be a State election that year

in Illinois. Abe's friends urged him to run for the legislature. His career supplied him with the best kind of material for a winning campaign. Several personal qualities were tremendously in his favor. He was a likable chap. He had an especially large following among the new voters; the Clary Boys, for instance, would support him to a man.

Appealing to the more sedate members of the community, was his business record, a record so unimpeachable that he was known far and wide as "Honest Abe." Yarns were multiplied of his extreme conscientiousness in all his dealings. He was tremendously popular with the rougher elements of the community; but he did not share their vices. He rarely drank; he denounced intemperance, profanity; he was known to be tenderhearted toward children; kind to animals; opposed to fights; a peacemaker wherever quarrels threatened.

In politics he ran counter to the prevailing sentiment. Andy Jackson was the hero of

the neighborhood of all Illinois. Abe's father was a strong partizan of the great Tennessean; for a time Abe had been vastly taken with the personality and the views of this picturesque exponent of Democracy.

But now his political allegiance swerved to Henry Clay, the great Whig—if, indeed, party labels really meant anything at this time. Clay stood, at any rate, for the "American System" as regarded the tariff, and Abe strongly favored that policy. Illinois, he knew, opposed Clay and his tariff. Hence, Abe began to doubt the success of his own candidacy, identified as he was with the uncompromising followers of Clay.

Reassured by his friends on this point, he published his "Address to the People of Sangamon County," in which he gave his views on the local needs of the community. National affairs—Henry Clay and his tariff—were soft-pedaled, while the "big noise" went to the internal improvements necessary for Sangamon County. The address wound up on a strong personal note:

"I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. . . . My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county. . . . But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

This clever address appealed to the people of Sangamon County. "Honest Abe" had been in New Salem not many months, he was only twenty-three years old, but he had already made lightning progress in a career that, according to his recent biographer, the late Senator Beveridge, was to place him as a "natural politician . . . excepting only Jefferson, the supreme example."

In the midst of the campaign for the State legislature, Black Hawk, an unusually intelligent Indian who ruled the Sacs, was running a small-sized war against the whites in the neighborhood of Rock River. His pil-

lage of property, his sanguinary attacks on isolated settlers could be effectually stopped only by the military arm of the State. Volunteers were called; Abe Lincoln was among the first to answer. He had no military experience, nor was he of the fighting breed; but his example was catching.

Many of his friends from among the Clary Boys volunteered with him; he was elected captain of a Sangamon company. The "war" was of short duration. Captain Lincoln came out of it without having served in any actual battles. According to some chroniclers his superior officers reprimanded him on two occasions, once for firing off a pistol outside the camp, another time because his men, having stolen liquor from headquarters, became so drunk they were unable to respond to an order from the front.

Be that as it may, Lincoln's promptitude in volunteering for the defense of the settlements and his continuing in the service until the end of "the war" added to his popularity. He may not have been a great sol-

dier, but he was still "Honest Abe," a patriot willing to give his life to his country.

After this military interlude the campaign for a seat in the State legislature was resumed. It ended in Lincoln's defeat. Not even his personal popularity could overcome the local prejudice against his tariff ideas.

Again he was out of a job. A captain in the Black Hawk Indian War, late candidate for the State legislature, he had to turn, as he had done many a time before, to such tasks as sawing wood, splitting rails, and whatever else might turn up. He managed to make enough to defray his modest living expenses, but he was not satisfied.

His mind reverted to Offut. He would become a storekeeper. Not a hired clerk, but a partner in the business. A New Salem merchant named Berry had sufficient money to set up a general store; but he needed a partner whose popularity would attract people. "Honest Abe" was just the man.

So the firm of Berry & Lincoln was formed. It lasted four or five months—

about as long as any of Abe's ventures. A general store was really needed in New Salem. Hitherto the little settlement had supported some three or four stores, and now these were all merged in one under the ill-fated Berry & Lincoln partnership. The trouble with the firm seemed to be that when it came to the selling of goods, Berry was drunk, while his junior partner was either sprawled out on one of the counters, reading a book, or else regaling those who came into the store with his jokes and yarns.

When this mercantile bubble burst, it left an enormous debt; that is, it seemed enormous to the junior partner, who called it the national debt, and undertook its payment, Berry having died shortly after Berry & Lincoln went into bankruptcy.

With this inauspicious opening, Fortune at last began to smile on the ex-captain and storekeeper of Sangamon County. Influential friends obtained for him the postmastership of New Salem. Later on he became Assistant County Surveyor.

Then, in the summer of 1834, came another campaign for the State legislature. This time Lincoln ran at the request of the Democrats, whose support of him was ably seconded by the Whigs. Owing to this political combination, none of Lincoln's speeches or written messages discussed national affairs. It was a straight-out personal campaign, run exclusively on the candidate's popularity, his honesty, his efficiency as a representative of the people. On this issue Lincoln won and served four successive terms in the legislature.

This was the beginning of his political career. During this period, secession became the absorbing problem in national politics. Should the individual States have the right to secede, or were they bound by the Constitution to remain a Union of States? Webster had discussed the matter in his famous debate in the Senate. Two years later, in December, 1832, Andrew Jackson issued his proclamation declaring for the Union with an eloquence and cogency that have made

this one of the great documents of American history, a document later chosen as the model for Lincoln's first inaugural address.

It was during his four terms in the State legislature that Lincoln first turned his thoughts to matrimony. With the exception of his stepmother, women had played no part in his career. He was an exaggerated instance of a man's man. Women did not attract him; he avoided their society. When he could not help meeting them, his shyness and awkwardness produced ludicrous exaggerations.

First on the list of his female tormentors was Ann Rutledge, daughter of an innkeeper, "the most attractive girl in New Salem," gold hair, large blue eyes, rosy complexion, very red lips, courted by most of the eligible youths of the neighborhood. Lincoln was one of Ann's suitors; but his aspirations were soon dashed by a friend of his, John McNamar, who succeeded in winning the young lady's favor. Then McNamar returned to New York, his native State, and was never

again seen by Ann, altho the two kept up a correspondence for some time.

The disappearance of McNamar revived Lincoln's hopes. Ann, moreover, began to show her somewhat awkward wooer a decided partiality. But the affair between them never reached the definiteness of a formal engagement to marry, such as had bound Ann and McNamar. There still remains an element of mystery in the posturings of these three lovers. Was McNamar sincere in his continued protestations of fidelity, his promise to return to New Salem? Why did he change his name to McNeil? What was Lincoln's part in this strange romance? The correspondence of the lovers passed through his hands. When letters ceased coming from McNamar, Ann became despondent, she believed her lover had abandoned her. The intimacy with Lincoln deepened.

Then—tragedy. In the summer of 1835 Ann was stricken with "brain fever." On August 25 she was dead. Lincoln, in a state of black despair, was rumored to have lost

his mind. "My heart is buried there," he said at Ann's grave; "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rains and storms beat upon her grave."

Before the coming of Ann, another woman had attracted Lincoln's attention: Miss Mary Owens, who was on a visit in New Salem. Miss Owens was a good-natured, merry sort, but far from rivaling Ann Rutledge in beauty. Some years after Ann's death, however, Lincoln, twenty-eight years old, began courting Mary. At the best it was a half-hearted sort of courtship, a mixture of comedy and mock-heroics. Nevertheless, Lincoln, returning to his characteristically gloomy mood, decided that he was pledged to marry the no longer charming Miss Owens. As the months rolled by, the thought of marrying her, instead of exciting enthusiasm, began to make him uneasy.

He wrote to Miss Owens, assuring her that "whatever woman may cast her lot with mine, should any ever do so, it is my intention to do all in my power to make her

happy and contented: there is nothing I can imagine that would make me more unhappy than to fail in the effort." Thus pledging himself, he assured the lady that—"I know, I should be much happier with you than the way I am, providing I saw no signs of discontent in you."

Later the relationship becomes more complicated. "Do not understand," writes Lincoln, "that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine."

Finally, he can no longer endure the thought of marrying Miss Owens. To a Mrs. O. H. Browning he writes of her, on the occasion of his charmer's second visit to New Salem:

"In a few days we had an interview, and altho I had seen her before, she did not look as my imagination had pictured her. I knew she was oversize, but now she appeared a fair

match for Falstaff. I knew she was called an 'old maid,' and I felt no doubt of the truth of at least half of the appellation, but now, when I beheld her, I could not for my life avoid thinking of my mother; and this not from withered features, for her skin was too full of fat to permit of its contracting into wrinkles, but from her want of teeth, weather-beaten appearance in general, and from a kind of notion that ran in my head that nothing could have commenced at the size of infancy and reached her present bulk in less than thirty-five or forty years; and, in short, I was not at all pleased with her. But what could I do?"

Then the tables were turned most suddenly and unexpectedly upon this amazing "lover." Believing that he was pledged to marry the lady who had made so unfortunate an impression on his heart, to seal the matter he "mustered (his) resolution and made the proposal to her direct." She answered emphatically, "No!" "At which I very unexpectedly found myself," he wrote

to Mrs. Browning, "mortified almost beyond endurance. . . . My vanity was deeply wounded by the reflection that I had so long been too stupid to discover her intentions, and at the same time never doubting that I understood them perfectly. And also that she, whom I had taught myself to believe nobody else would have, had actually rejected me with all my fancied greatness. And, to cap the whole, I then for the first time began to suspect that I was really a little in love with her. But let it all go. I will try and outlive it. . . . I have now come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying; I could never be satisfied with anyone who would be blockhead enough to have me."

So at the age of twenty-eight, after two failures in the court of Venus, Lincoln solved for himself the problem of marriage and his relationship to women.



The Man from Sangamon Goes East

LINCOLN'S amatory vagaries did not end with Miss Owens. Some years after the departure of that baffling woman, there came to Springfield a young lady from Kentucky, Miss Mary Todd, to visit her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, with whose husband Lincoln had been closely associated in the State legislature. Miss Todd was a very different personage, in character and social antecedents, from either Ann Rutledge or Mary Owens. According to those who recall her in the Springfield days, she was a decided aristocrat, accomplished, keen intellectually, witty, possessed of a "furious temper"—"the most ambitious woman I ever knew," declared her sister, Mrs. Edwards. Beauty she had, too, and youth.

These qualities, combined with the social prestige surrounding her family, proved an irresistible magnet to the youth of the State

capital. Among the latter, at this time, was Lincoln. Some years earlier he had moved from New Salem to Springfield, where he had entered into a law partnership with John T. Stuart, an old comrade in the Black Hawk War.

Lincoln's choice of the law as his profession grew out of that ill-fated Berry & Lincoln venture. At that time, accidentally, as it would seem, a copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries* fell into the omnivorous junior partner's hands. Quickly devouring this classic of law literature, Lincoln was urged by Stuart and other friends to complete his studies and enter the legal profession.

This proved a congenial and comparatively easy task, and by the year 1837 Lincoln was admitted to the bar, thereafter going into partnership with Stuart. After four years fraught with disappointing financial results, the concern was dissolved. Then, for two years, came the firm of Logan & Lincoln, followed by Lincoln & Herndon, the latter enduring until Lincoln's death.

As at lawyer in Springfield, Lincoln's social position was naturally much higher than it had been as the rail-splitter-store-keeper companion of the Clary's Grove Boys in New Salem. It was, therefore, not long before he met Miss Todd, of Kentucky, and was counted among that lady's ardent admirers. Here, for the first time, Stephen A. Douglas, who was rapidly forging ahead to the political leadership of the State, crossed his path.

Miss Todd, however, altho recognizing the fascinations of the "Little Giant," as he was called, was not sufficiently impressed with Douglas to look favorably upon his suit. His diminutive stature, for one thing—he did not go above five feet in height—was against him. Miss Todd could not picture this pigmy as a leader of men. But there might be something in this rawboned, awkward Kentuckian, with his six feet four inches of impressiveness. At first she did not think so. Her contempt for his family, the impossible Lincoln-Hanks tribe, was not

easily overcome. Birth and social eminence meant a great deal to Miss Mary. But as she realized the force and originality of Lincoln's character, the commanding worth of his talents, she changed her mind. There was no telling what he might do, to what heights he might ascend, she said to herself.

Above all, Miss Todd was desirous of casting her lot with a man destined to become a leader of men, a master of nations. This dreamy, hollow-eyed Springfield lawyer seemed to suggest just such possibilities. So Miss Todd spread her sails to catch and hold his admiration.

Lincoln, on the other hand, altho ardent at first in seeking the lady's favor, now became the victim of the same doubts and eccentric behavior that had led to disaster in the case of Miss Owens. If Miss Todd could consent to marry him, he argued, did it not prove that there was something lacking in her, that she was taking him as a last resort, having failed to beguile other suitors with her charms? To the morbid lover this reason-

MAN FROM SANGAMON GOES EAST
ing seemed sound enough to fill him with alarm and to postpone his intended declaration. But this delay was not for long. The inevitable happened. He proposed; the two became engaged; the marriage day was set, January 1, 1841.

It was to be a gala occasion, a great social event in Springfield's history. The bridal party assembled, expectant of a charming, a brilliant ceremony. Miss Todd, "bedecked in veil and silken gown," as partner Herndon described her, "nervously toying with the flowers in her hair," awaited the coming of her lover. Everything was in readiness. Minutes, hours went by—and no bridegroom.

The guests dispersed in disgust. Lincoln's friends, aware of his eccentricities, were alarmed at his complete disappearance, and made a desperate search for him. They found him next morning, distraught, unable to account coherently for his absence. Temporarily insane, some declared. At any rate, his mental condition was sufficiently abnor-

mal to call for the careful attendance of those who knew him best. Upon their advice he went on a protracted visit to Kentucky, accompanied by his friend, Joshua Speed.

Home once more in Springfield, entirely recovered from his temporary aberration on "that fatal New Year's day," Lincoln returned to the courtship of Miss Todd, was successful, forgiven his amazing disappearance, and on November 4, 1842, the couple were hurriedly, almost secretly, married. At the last the bridegroom seemed terrified at the ordeal before him. When asked where he was going, he answered gloomily, "To hell, I suppose." Another describes him while on the way to meet his bride as "pale and trembling as if being driven to slaughter."

Courtship and marriage—the whole affair had been a strangely disagreeable, inexplicable experience; few women could have endured its humiliations. But Miss Todd seems to have been a young lady dowered with a fairly uncanny foresight, and not to

be deflected from her purpose by the idiosyncrasies of the man she had determined to marry. Years afterward Lincoln's friend and biographer, W. H. Herndon, a guest at the Lincoln residence in Springfield, told Mrs. Lincoln of her husband's popularity in the eastern part of the State.

"Yes," she replied, "he is a great favorite everywhere. He is to be President of the United States some day; if I had not thought so I never would have married him, for you can see he is not pretty. But look at him. Doesn't he look as if he would make a magnificent President?"

For Lincoln himself this marriage rang up the curtain on a strange, somber drama. Altho it may have turned him to the presidency, it meant, incidentally, the end of his carefree enjoyment of the society of his intimates, the hours spent in jovial story-telling at the taverns and other unconventional meeting-places where he was the center of laughter-loving groups of admirers. Scarcely a week had passed before he found out

the full meaning of that "furious, exacting temper" of the woman to whom he was married.

Had he been less gentle of disposition, less inclined to sacrifice everything for the happiness of those closely associated with him, he would have resented the beratings, the sneers, the lack of sympathy that brought discord into his home life. The woman who, as Mary Todd, was called by those knowing her best the "she-wolf," might have been more generous in the amenities of wifehood had her ugly tempers encountered a sterner resistance. The matrimonial difficulties of the Lincolns have always remained a problem.

Mrs. Lincoln was ambitious. She had married in the belief that her husband would win fame and fortune. But at the time of their marriage nothing of this was in sight. Lincoln was a junior partner in a law firm whose transactions were not always profitable. Outside Sangamon County he was unknown. For some years he had been a mem-

ber of the State Legislature. From this he had resigned in order to concentrate on his work as a lawyer. He aspired, also, to a wider field of activity than had been his, heretofore, in the world of politics.

Some years elapsed before the opportunity came to reenter public life. This time it was Congress. In 1846 Lincoln's party nominated and elected him to the Lower House by a huge majority. He was the only Whig from Illinois. With his wife and the two children born to them during the first four years of their marriage, he went hopefully to Washington in December, 1847. The thirteenth Congress was in session, and Lincoln speedily made his mark in it by his antagonism to the Polk administration. The War with Mexico was on. It was more unpopular than the War of 1812. Lincoln considered it unjustifiable.

According to the Whigs it was simply a blustering intrigue out of which Polk expected to pick up a vast amount of territory that would be advantageous to his political

party. Polk declared that the United States was forced to go to war with Mexico for the simple reason that the latter had invaded American territory. Here Congressman Lincoln stepped in. Offering the so-called "Spot" Resolutions, he challenged the President's statement, calling upon him to point out the exact "spot" where Mexico had invaded United States territory.

As there was no definite reply from the administration, Lincoln denounced the war as a breach of American policy, a conspiracy, an inexcusable act of hostility against a nation with which we were in friendly relations. Polk, he declared, had deliberately forced the war upon the United States.

Lincoln was upheld by the Whigs in Congress; but at home, in Illinois, even his friends shook their heads in disapproval. Polk and his trumped-up war, as it happened, were popular, and Lincoln's hostility inevitably drove him into a position that was against the policy of his home State. Realizing that his renomination had become im-

possible, when his term ended Lincoln retired. His former partner, Judge Logan, ran in his place and was defeated.

Before leaving Washington, Lincoln strongly advocated General Taylor as the Whig candidate for the presidency, making numerous speeches in his behalf and favoring Congress itself with some of his stump oratory. During these two years, also, Lincoln defined his position regarding slavery. Equally hostile to the abolitionists on the one hand, and to the slaveholders on the other, he advocated a moderate, middle-of-the-road policy, something after the order of that recommended by Webster in his Seventh of March Speech; thus, he would recognize the constitutionality of slavery in the States where it was already practised, but recommended its prohibition from the Territories and from the States that might come into the Union.

Devotion to his law practise in Springfield, with Herndon as junior partner, apparently faced Lincoln for the rest of his

life. But after his brief taste of Congress he could not shake off his interest in national affairs. An offer of the governorship of Oregon Territory tempted him—but his wife interfered. The idea of burying herself and her family in far-off Oregon did not appeal to her. Springfield must be their home until Washington again became a possibility.

Meanwhile, the times were rife with rumors of startling changes. No politician so petty, so insensitive to great issues that he could not feel the imminence either of national tragedy, or of a débâcle that would transform the present unrest to an era of cloudless prosperity and confidence. Union or Secession! Slavery or Abolition! These were the problems that absorbed men's thoughts and aroused their passions. Above all, slavery. The cargo of twenty negroes which a Dutch trader had sold in Jamestown in 1619 was producing a poisonous harvest from that sowing of dragon's teeth.

From this early, obscure beginning slavery had spread imperceptibly; before the first

three-quarters of the eighteenth century had sped, there was not a British colony in America without its quota of slaves.

Vermont, in 1777, was the first of the States to insert an emancipation clause in its constitution. Massachusetts followed, laggardly enough; by 1804 all of the Northern States, with the exception of Delaware, had followed Vermont's lead. Thus, during the revolutionary era and the decades immediately following, slavery had become, in a way, a sectional issue, notwithstanding that in the South the "peculiar institution" was denounced as a political and moral danger to the Union by four great planters, Washington, Jefferson, Randolph and Madison.

For fifteen years after the Missouri Compromise, slavery ceased to be a political issue of prime importance. With the admission of Texas into the United States, the old problem pushed again to the fore. How divide this new Territory? Must it all come under the domination of the slaveholders, or should it be cut up into free States? Then,

the Mexican War. In the huge cession of territory resulting from President Polk's venture, where should slavery end and free States begin?

Hitherto the Missouri Compromise had covered this question: but now, with the immense increase of land in the Southwest and West, there seemed to be an altogether new problem. For the first time North and South faced each other on this question of questions. Henry Clay, "the great compromiser," stepped into the breach in 1850, proposing that California should enter the Union as a free State, while the rest of the territory resulting from the Mexican War and from the admission of Texas should be left to settle the question of slavery for itself.

Naturally, this arrangement overstepped the Missouri Compromise; hence, in 1854, that measure, through the activity of Stephen A. Douglas in the Senate, was repealed. Victory through legislative enactment inevitably tended to the Southern, the proslavery side of the great question. As a

result, during the decade from 1850 to 1860 the whole country was in a political ferment that threatened to break up the Union of States.

The final, most radical enactment that placed slavery on the winning side, so far as concerned Federal law, was the "Dred Scott Decision" in 1857. Dred Scott was a negro who had lived with his master for three years or more in the free States of Illinois and Minnesota. After his master's death he sued for his emancipation on the ground that this residence in free territory automatically made him a free man. The case went through the lower courts and was finally brought before the Supreme Court at Washington.

Here a majority decision was brought against Scott, Chief Justice Taney declaring that negroes were "so inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." The Constitution was intended solely for the white race, he stated further, and under its rulings negroes were to be con-

sidered solely as property. For this reason they had no status in the courts, could not bring suit, and were in no sense of the word citizens of the United States.

Since the formation of the government no judicial verdict on the negro question had ever been pronounced in such sweeping terms as this majority opinion delivered by Judge Taney. It brought the whole issue sharply before the electorate. In the South it was naturally hailed with enthusiasm. At last the justice, the moral standing of slavery was vindicated.

In the North, however, the stand of the Supreme Court aggravated abolitionist sentiment and did more than anything else to inflame the spirit which within a few years was to sweep North and South into all the terrors of civil war.

Until the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, Lincoln paid but slight attention to the political events that occurred after his return from Congress to Springfield. His law practise engrossed his attention. Be-

sides, he pondered ruefully, his fine crusade against Polk and the War with Mexico had made him so unpopular with the people of his own State that public life was not for him, however much he and his wife might long for it.

But the question of slavery affected him deeply. He had relied upon the Missouri Compromise to scotch the spread of the evil. With the sudden repeal of the great measure anything might happen. He was drawn irresistibly into the field of politics. He made speeches urging the limitation of slavery to the Southern States, denouncing its extension beyond the geographical boundaries specified in the Missouri Compromise.

In this he diametrically opposed the "popular sovereignty" idea of Stephen A. Douglas. Now that such men as Webster, Clay and Calhoun had passed away, Douglas was rapidly becoming the most brilliant debater, the keenest mind, the most popular political leader in the national life. His solution of the slavery issue, his "popular

sovereignty," was not without its attraction even in the North. Let each State, he declared, decide for itself whether to permit slavery within its boundaries or declare itself free. The question, as Douglas saw it, was one of States' Rights, and thus outside the Federal government's jurisdiction.

As Democratic Senator from Illinois Douglas was Lincoln's political opponent. But until 1858 the two men had rarely come into direct contact with each other on the public questions of the day. In this year Douglas's term in the Senate expired, and he was again a candidate for election on the Democratic ticket. Against him, owing to defections in the ranks of the Whigs, strong opposition could be expected only from the new Republican party that had been created four years earlier. Its organization in Illinois was largely due to Lincoln.

Whom would the Republicans put in nomination against the brilliant Douglas, the man whose fame extended far beyond the boundaries of Illinois, and whose genius as

an orator and debater was the pride of his own State? There was a scarcity of available timber among the Republicans, out of which to choose a candidate seasoned in political warfare to break a lance with the redoubtable Little Giant of the Senate. Only one name stood out with sufficient prominence to suggest possible success—Abraham Lincoln.

Those who knew him, who had heard him speak on the circuit, who had followed his career in the State legislature and Congress, had no doubt as to his ability. Not only did the new Republican party favor Lincoln, but practically all in Illinois, regardless of party affiliations, who disapproved of slavery saw in him the logical candidate for the Senate. The American or Know Nothing party was an exception. Members of this comparatively new organization stressed their Protestantism, and their dislike of all foreigners, especially those belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. Lincoln indignantly repudiated any connection that he might be

supposed to have with this so-called "American party" and denounced its intolerant attitude. Religious freedom was a fixed article in his political creed, and through the enunciation of his positive views on the subject at this time the religious issue was kept out of politics.

He was equally explicit on the slavery problem. His terse treatment of the subject in his speech of acceptance, when the Republicans tendered him the nomination for the Senate, became the slogan of his party on the great issue of the day.

"'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' . . . I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall. But I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction: or

its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

It was a radical utterance; some of Lincoln's immediate followers feared it would cost him the election. It lacked compromise—and your true politician believes in compromise. Its meaning was plain to everyone: the United States, in the course of time, must be free from the curse of slavery. It implied also that this freedom would not be attained through force but through the matured judgment of the whole citizenry of the nation.

Lincoln viewed slavery as a moral and social question, one that could not be left to the solution of the individual States but must be regarded as a Federal problem to be fought out in the Constitution. In this he differed radically from his opponent in the senatorial campaign, Stephen A. Douglas, the brilliant exponent of "popular sovereignty."

Lincoln was well aware of the odds

against which he was fighting. The highly educated, the wealthy delighted in Douglas. He was a polished man of the world, a social favorite, known and admired far and near; quite the reverse, it would seem, of the uncouth, joke-loving, tale-telling rustic of Sangamon County. What chance had the latter against the forsenic skill of this cultured defender of States' Rights?

It was not long after the campaign was under way, however, that this much ridiculed candidate of the Republicans, who was supposed to furnish the rough humor of the frontier to the election crowds, developed a surprising ability not only to take care of himself, but to penetrate his complacent enemy's position of security with keen logic, forcing him to open combat.

Not content with desultory speeches, Lincoln threw a bombshell into the camp of the Democrats. He challenged the Little Giant to a series of debates on the leading issues of the campaign. This was disconcerting, not at all in line with the Democratic pro-

gram. Douglas, ludicrously magnanimous in his public estimate of Lincoln, that "kind, amiable and intelligent gentleman," admitted to his friends: "Between you and me I do not feel that I want to go into this debate. The whole country knows me and has me measured. Lincoln, as regards myself, is comparatively unknown, and if he gets the best of this debate—and I want to say he is the ablest man the Republicans have got—I shall lose everything. Should I win I should gain but little. I do not want to go into the debate with Lincoln."

But it was too late; Achilles must come out of his tent. To decline to take up this Hector's challenge was politically impossible, and he knew it. Inactivity would be interpreted as cowardice, and that would kill him in Illinois more surely than any argument that could be used against the position he had taken on the issues of the campaign.

So, the challenge was accepted; the two candidates agreed upon the meetings, which were to be seven in number. Douglas was

to open and close four of the debates. In the other three this advantage went to Lincoln.

The debates, covering a large part of the farming districts of Illinois, started in the latter part of August and continued until nearly the end of October. Wherever they were held there was a tremendous outpouring of the rural population. Whole families came from many miles away, in every description of vehicle, and pitched their camps as if for a circus holiday, in the outdoor places where the debates were held. Illinois had never known before such a series of free entertainments. Everyone wanted to see the famous Senator Douglas, and expected to be immensely entertained by the fooleries of his rival.

The majority of these pleasure-seekers, however, were astonished to find that the Sangamon handyman had cast aside the jokes and the humorous stories for which he had become widely known, and spoke now with an alarming seriousness, wielding

weapons of logic that needed all his antagonist's intellectual faculties to parry. How his questions, the points he made, would sting the Little Giant, the man hitherto considered supreme as a debater! As duel after duel was fought, some of them witnessed by as many as twenty thousand spectators, the returning farmers would shake their heads dubiously over the relative merits of the two men whose arguments had so absorbed them. After all, the big fellow, in spite of his plain, point-blank way of putting things, seemed to have an eloquence—was it his intense sincerity?—that gave him the best of it.

Who could tell? Douglas was a man of marvelous education and experience. He could make things lively in the Senate; he had proved that long ago. Surely he would be—should be—the winner.

And so it turned out. When the time came for the voting, Douglas was elected. To the surprize of his followers, defeat meant little to the eccentric Springfield lawyer. As a matter of fact, by popular vote

he was the winner. Douglas was elected by getting the greatest number of election districts.

It was not this, however, that assuaged the sense of failure for Lincoln. This senatorial campaign was only the first step in a far greater combat that would settle once and for all the burning questions that threatened the complete overthrow of that ideal of government established in the Olympian days following the American Revolution.

Overnight Lincoln had become a national figure. The political leaders of the North and East had watched the Battle of the Giants in far-off Illinois. The arguments of Douglas, it is true, did not greatly impress men like Greeley, Seward, Chase. But—who was this man Lincoln? His speeches, some averred, were among the “greatest that had ever been made in this country.”

Invitations came thick and fast from Republican headquarters asking him to speak in the principal Eastern cities on the issues of the next presidential campaign. Here

was another great opportunity to advance the antislavery cause, and Lincoln availed himself of it, making a series of memorable orations throughout New England and New York.

In the latter State he reached the zenith of his power as an expounder of political theory in his famous address at Cooper Union, in New York City. The occasion presented a trying ordeal for the lawyer who hitherto had been featured in the East as an exaggerated type of the rough, almost illiterate western frontiersman. A critical audience packed the hall from pit to gallery. Among the invited guests was a formidable array of New York's leading citizens.

He was there before them, "Honest Abe" of Illinois, the man who had practically defeated, on his own ground, one of the best-known politicians of the day. A New York journalist and poet, William Cullen Bryant, vouched for this awkward gaunt Westerner who seemed more ungainly than ever, there on the Cooper Union platform. Bryant had

seen him many years ago, in the days of the Black Hawk War, and had singled him out then as a man of originality and power. Greeley was skeptical, but the editor of *The Tribune* was always that way. As for the audience, they liked him.

Lincoln spoke. What he said had cost him many days of hard thinking and preparation. The result was a careful exposition of the slavery question. It might not suit the extreme abolitionists who followed the lead of William Lloyd Garrison; but to this New York audience it seemed a faithful summary of the dangers that threatened the country, should the present mismanagement of the "peculiar institution" continue.

They listened eagerly. The orator and the words that came to them in his high, shrill voice won their admiration. Abe Lincoln had scored a victory in the stronghold of the East. It was the curtain-raiser for the presidential nomination of 1860.



Elected

THREE months before Lincoln's Cooper Union speech, the United States, North and South, had been swept by varying emotions arising from one of those tragic occurrences that, whether in romance or real life, are the prelude to some cataclysmic event. It was the act either of a madman, as some called him, a fanatic, or a saint who considered himself the instrument selected by the Lord to abolish slavery.

He was an old man, a Connecticut Yankee, whose white beard covering his broad chest gave him the look of an ancient prophet. For years he had gone up and down the country preaching the abolitionist doctrine. Some listened out of curiosity and left unimpressed. Others gave more heed to his burning message and joined his followers. The latter were few in number. Finally, as the culminating scene in his drama, the "mad-

man or saint" set out for a little town of ten thousand inhabitants, Harper's Ferry, situated on the boundary line between Virginia and Maryland.

Accompanied by eighteen followers, John Brown entered the Virginia village, defied its inhabitants, and captured its armory, where he fortified himself against attack from the outraged citizens. There were fiery skirmishes. Two of the old man's sons were killed. He himself was finally captured by Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the United States Army, was tried by the Virginia courts, and hanged for murder and treason.

He had deliberately planned an uprising of the negroes, and had, so far as his purpose was known, intended to build a city for liberated slaves in the fastnesses of the Appalachians. His summary execution by the Virginia authorities was generally approved by the Southern States. For a brief moment this "act of justice" calmed their apprehensions of what might be expected from the Federal government. In the North John

Brown's fantastic "raid" was regarded by conservatives as an act of madness scarce worthy serious consideration. A large number of people, however, led by the abolitionists, took a diametrically opposite view.

"That new saint," announced Emerson, "than whom nothing purer or more brave was ever led by love of man into conflict and death . . . will make the gallows glorious like the Cross."

Writing in his diary on Friday, December 2, 1859, the day when John Brown was hanged, Longfellow declared: "This will be a great day in our history, the date of a new revolution quite as much needed as the old one. Even now as I write, they are leading old John Brown to execution in Virginia for attempting to rescue slaves. This is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, which will soon come."

Thoreau, downright and explicit as was his wont, testified thus: "Some eighteen hundred years ago Christ was crucified; this morning, perchance, Captain Brown was

hung. These are the two ends of a chain which is not without its links."

So it went. "A saint" or "a deservedly punished felon"? Which was he? Three months after the execution, Lincoln, addressing his thousands in Cooper Union, put the matter in this way:

"That affair (John Brown's raid) in its philosophy corresponds with the many attempts related in history at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt, which ends in little else than his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon and John Brown's at Harper's Ferry were, in their philosophy, precisely the same."

Lincoln's declaration marked the difference between the common-sense philosopher of the West and the idealist of the East. Even William H. Seward had shown more emotion over the execution of Brown and the abandonment of his almost unbelievable

scheme for negro enfranchisement. But Lincoln's views on slavery were unalterably opposed to the use of force, and thus he could not, without gross inconsistency, approve or even condone John Brown's quixotic raid, however heroic it might seem.

From first to last Lincoln, altho agreeing with others that slavery was morally and socially wrong, denied the right of the Federal government to abolish an institution sanctioned, even indirectly, by the Constitution. "Wrong as we think slavery is," he said in his speech at Cooper Institute, "we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation: but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the national Territories and to overrun us here in these free States?"

Confine slavery to the section where it was actually practised in the Southern States; prevent its further territorial extension: that was Lincoln's platform in this momentous

spring of 1860. To preserve the Union, to suppress for all time the secession movement, was more to him than the abolition of slavery. The latter was not the immediate issue. That might come later; in the meantime, in the words of Andy Jackson, "The Union must be preserved."

This rough, ungainly Westerner was a challenge to the East. After the Cooper Union address, there was no longer any doubt of his intellectual ability, the keenness with which he ran to earth dangerous political dogmas, the common-sense view that he took of the rapidly growing estrangement of North and South. This year, with its presidential elections, its perilous issues, was, as everyone knew, a pivotal year for the United States. What the Fathers had won nearly a century ago must now be confirmed or abandoned forever.

Who would be the banner-bearer of the Union? Who would bring back the South to her old-time patriotic enthusiasm? There was something reassuring, inspiring, in this

man from Illinois, but he had declared on more than one occasion that he was "unfit for the presidency!" Was his estimate of himself correct? Contrast him with so wise, so finished a statesman as William H. Seward! There could be no uncertainty as to Seward's fitness.

After all, New England, the Middle States, knew comparatively little of this Westerner. Granting his talents, his originality, humor, strength of character, his sincerity and honesty; what inspiration would his calm, reasoned analysis of the slavery question offer the average voter in abolitionist New England?

Lincoln went back to Springfield, his speech-making tour of the East finished. His black mood was upon him. Remembering the polished, educated, experienced men whom he had met in New York, in New England, and even in the cities of the West, he was depressed by the old bogie of self-depreciation. But it was not for him to decide. If he was called, they would find

him ready. This would not be his first fight!

Signs that there would be more than two candidates in this year's presidential campaign grew stronger every day. Lincoln's old antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas, was the outstanding man for the Democrats. Every Democrat in the North would vote for him. But the South? That was a different question. The South had refused to swallow the "popular sovereignty" panacea. The Little Giant had unmistakably lost favor with Southern Democrats. The sectional difference meant a split in the party; two candidates in the field: Douglas in the North, and, as it shortly turned out, John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, in the South. All of which strengthened the chances for the Republican candidate. Whoever he might be, his election was a certainty.

Seward was the man, reasoned Lincoln. But before the Republican delegates from all the States met in National Convention, this Springfield lawyer, with his grave doubts of his own fitness, longed to receive the en-

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dorsement at least of Illinois, his own State. With that he felt he could rest content.

When the Illinois Republican delegates came together in Decatur, on May 9, he had his wish. From the beginning there was no doubt of his popularity. He was the one man in the field for them. While the convention hall, packed with his admirers, awaited the decision, John Hanks entered dramatically, carrying two small rails on his shoulder, with this inscription: "Two rails from a lot made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks in the Sangamon bottom in the year 1830." Pushing his way to the platform, Hanks deposited his burden on the speaker's desk.

The hall was in an uproar, the name of Lincoln sounding above the din. They were his rails! He had split them! Lincoln himself, present there in the audience, was humorously doubtful of that honor. In the matter of railsplitting, he thought he could beat what Hanks was showing them. But the convention accepted these specimens of

his handiwork with a roar. They became the symbol of the party. A delegate shouted: "These rails represent the issue between labor free and labor slave, between democracy and aristocracy."

So, "Honest Abe," the "railsplitter," was made, without a dissenting vote, the Decatur convention's choice for the presidential candidate. That was on May 9. On June 18 the Democratic Convention in Baltimore nominated Stephen A. Douglas. Ten days later, in Charleston, a convention of seceding Democrats put John C. Breckinridge in nomination, while a fourth party, calling itself the Constitutional Unionists, chose for its nominee John Bell, of Tennessee. The Unionists restricted their platform to one sentence: "That it is both the part of patriotism and a duty to recognize no political principle other than the Constitution of the country, the Union of the States and the enforcement of the laws." Scoffing Republicans called these Constitutionalists "trimmers." In the great campaign that was be-

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ginning they fairly shriveled up before the nation-wide strength of the Republicans.

On May 17 the Republican delegates from all the States came together in National Convention at the Wigwam, Chicago. It was a turbulent gathering, a contest of lung rather than brain power. The State that could outroar all competitors seemed certain of victory.

There were many candidates. At the first roar no one man stood out supremely above the others. Not even Seward, altho Seward, be it said, had the best organized, and by far the loudest, claque behind him. After Seward came Lincoln, Chase, Cameron, Bates, Dayton.

Thurlow Weed was Seward's right-hand man; he looked after the shouting and the Seward publicity. Lincoln had two managers, David Davis and his old law partner, Judge Logan. There was little speech-making, and that little was not particularly enlightening. After the contest of yells, in which New York undoubtedly came out the

winner, the exhausted delegates settled down to balloting.

On the first ballot Seward was far in the lead; Lincoln came in second, but at a vast distance behind. The second ballot marked a dramatic change. A number of candidates having dropped out, Seward led Lincoln by only three and a half votes. On the third ballot, Lincoln forged ahead with two hundred thirty-one and a half votes to Seward's one hundred and eighty. This was not quite enough; there needed for the nomination two-thirds of the total votes cast. The necessary number was soon acquired. Then, amidst a pandemonium of cheers, William M. Evarts, one of Seward's managers, thundered a motion to make the nomination of Abraham Lincoln unanimous.

The country at large took the result—which meant the election of the candidate—in varying mood. “Who is this huckster in politics?” demanded Wendell Phillips on hearing that Lincoln was the nominee. “Who is this county court advocate?”

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Lincoln was silent throughout the campaign. The committee sent to inform him of his nomination found him, according to Lamon, in one of his darkest moods at Springfield. He was "sad and dejected. The reaction from excessive joy to deep despondency—a process peculiar to his constitution—had already set in." Out of that mood came a simple letter accepting the platform of the Republican Convention, a letter far different from the eloquent exposition of the political creed that he had written when nominated to the Senate. But Lincoln, in spite of his wish for retirement, was besieged by delegations of admirers. On one occasion a procession of the latter, eight miles long, filed past his door. They had come for a grand hurrah meeting in Springfield, the home of their candidate.

"It was one of the most enormous and impressive gatherings I had ever witnessed," writes Mr. E. B. Washburne. "Mr. Lincoln, surrounded by some intimate friends, sat on the balcony of his humble home. It took

hours for all the delegations to file before him, and there was no token of enthusiasm wanting. He was deeply touched by the manifestations of personal and political friendships, and returned all his salutations in that off-hand and kindly manner which belonged to him. I know of no demonstration of a similar character that can compare with it except the review by Napoleon of his army for the invasion of Russia, about the same season of the year in 1812."

Had there been an abler man than James Buchanan in the presidency before election day, it is probable that the Republicans would have been forced to make a far stronger effort than they did to elect their candidate. But Buchanan's inefficiency, his apparent indifference to the dangers threatening the country's welfare, proved a convincing argument to Northern voters that general safety depended on the success of the Republican ticket.

Thus Lincoln was elected by a huge majority. Stephen A. Douglas, his nearest

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opponent, fell short of him by half a million of the popular vote. In ten of the Southern States not one ballot was cast for the Republican ticket. In the Electoral College Lincoln had an overwhelming plurality, the poll standing:

Lincoln	180
Douglas	12
Breckinridge	72
Bell	39

The election of the "Rail President" was hailed in the North with the same varying expressions that had greeted his nomination by the Republicans. There was a large amount of indifference, owing, doubtless, to the certainty with which his victory had been regarded from the beginning. In the South the extremists rejoiced. In Lincoln's triumph they saw the certainty of secession, the erection of an independent American Republic, with its own laws, its own Constitution—and negro slavery perpetually established.



Disastrous Waiting

ELECTION DAY, 1860, was followed by the most costly four months in American history. Through a bungling provision in the Constitution, a man elected to the presidency cannot take office until a third of a year has passed. Had Lincoln stepped into office within a week after his election, he would not have found the national stage set for civil war. As it was, those four desperate months furnished ample time for the machinery of secession to be perfected and to present a formidable, organized front.

Who was to blame? Historians are wont to look upon Buchanan as the villain in the piece. The outgoing President, however, is more to be pitied than denounced for the pusillanimity with which, in the last terrible days of his administration, he allowed things to drift while the secessionist leaders intrenched themselves strongly in the South.

The situation was not without its pathos. Buchanan was an old man, tired of office, with a problem thrust into his hands that was beyond his capacity to solve. He meant well; he was loyal to the Union. But he was as helpless to check the disintegrating forces surrounding him as a child to quench a prairie fire.

There were secessionists in his cabinet. They worked against him secretly, as cabinet officers have done on more than one occasion. They diverted Federal military stores to the South. Buchanan knew little of what they were doing. He was weary of a task that had gone beyond his mental limitations to fulfil. He was the nerveless, dejected Richard forced to ride to his dethronement by an imperious Bolingbroke.

In those last four months, when the reins of government were slipping from his hands, everything happened that threatened disaster to the Union he had sworn to preserve. South Carolina announced herself a free and independent State. The Palmetto floated

above Charleston instead of the Stars and Stripes. The resolution passed on May 23, 1788, by which South Carolina had affirmed her allegiance to the United States Constitution, was officially repudiated on December 17. To the South Carolinian the United States was now a foreign country. The Union was broken, and nothing was done—nothing could be done, as Buchanan reasoned—to stanch the wound.

South Carolina's act was followed by others of a like character. Secessionist members of the United States Senate, with Jefferson Davis at their head, left Washington in a body, and commenced a vigorous propaganda in the South for the creation of a Confederacy of States modeled upon the United States but independent of it; a Confederacy that would include South Carolina and initiate a great American Empire. Ultimately, basing its government on the policies of the secessionists, it would rival any power in the New World.

Men of extraordinary ability, these lead-

ers of the South. They knew well what they were doing, they were sincerely convinced that their cause was the cause of right and justice. At first they had deprecated the idea of a complete separation from the United States; but they believed now they had constitutional warrant for the radical decision they had reached. The election of a man who was outspoken in his disapproval of negro slavery strengthened their position.

A vote of the slave States at the time of Lincoln's election would have shown a large majority of Southerners in favor of remaining in the Union. The revolt planned by Davis was thus not quite so easy to launch as had first been supposed. By skilful maneuvering, however, the conventions held in six Southern States—Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas—were induced to declare for secession. These States then became the Confederate States of America. They adopted a Constitution similar to that of the United States, established their capital in Montgomery, Ala-

bama, and elected Jefferson Davis for their President.

These momentous changes took place without an attempt at interference on the part of Buchanan's administration. What could the President do? These outgoing States committed no violence; it was a question whether they were not within their constitutional rights in what they did. What was more, Northerners apparently viewed the action of their Southern brethren with indifference. Northern sentiment was as yet lacking in unity and cohesion. Men like Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips—even William H. Seward—argued in favor of secession.

Greeley, the man who had once inveighed against nullification, who had been passionately on the side of antislavery, declared on December 17 that the right of the South to secede from the Union was every bit as justifiable as the right of the English colonies to declare themselves independent of Great Britain. "If eight States," he said, "having

five millions of people, choose to separate from us, they can not be permanently withheld from so doing by Federal cannon."

Later on, he wrote that if the Southern States "choose to form an independent nation they have a clear moral right to do so." Furthermore, he declared that "if the great body of the Southern people" favor an "escape from it" (the Union) "we will do our best to forward their views."

That stalwart abolitionist, Wendell Phillips, of Massachusetts, was more outspoken than Greeley in his support of secession. For years past he had nourished a bitter hatred for the South. With the Southern States in the Union, he argued, there could be no stability in the United States Government. The sooner the South was out of the Union the better it would be for all. Later on, during the first months of Lincoln's presidency, he declared in a lecture in New Bedford: "Here are a series of States girdling the Gulf who think that their peculiar institutions require that they should have a sepa-

rate government. They have a right to decide that question without appealing to you or to me. . . . With the principles of '76 behind us, who can deny them the right? . . . Abraham Lincoln has no right to a soldier in Fort Sumter. . . . There is no longer a Union. . . . Mr. Jefferson Davis is angry and Mr. Abraham Lincoln is mad and they agree to fight. . . . You cannot go through Massachusetts and recruit men to bombard Charleston or New Orleans."

New England, indeed, was permeated with the spirit that inspired Phillips's utterances; even New York seemed at one time headed toward secession. Seward thought it hopeless to check the disgruntled Southern States from following the path they had deliberately chosen.

Thus, with the great structure of the American government metaphorically tumbling about his ears, Abraham Lincoln, President-elect, sat silent, patient, helpless in Springfield. He was the center of protests, objurgations, questions from every part of

the country. What was his program? What would he do with the seceding South? How would he bring into accord with his administration the disunionists of the North?

A man less self-contained, less sure of his own position, would have found this situation unendurable. But patience was of the very essence of Lincoln's character. To the mob of questioners there was but one answer; the President-elect stood on his own utterances during the campaign and upon the platform of the Republican party.

It was perfectly simple, perfectly logical. In his administration the slaveholding States would not be molested so long as they kept, as heretofore, within the bounds of the Constitution. As for secession, that was a newer issue. True, it had been before the people in one form or another, ever since the days of Andrew Jackson. Jackson had said, "The Union must be preserved." That settled it.

Well-meaning, short-sighted friends urged him to expostulate with Buchanan over the situation in the South—to expostulate before

it was too late. But this he refused to do. It was still Buchanan's day—and Buchanan was a loyal American.

Meanwhile the President-elect had his inaugural address to write, his cabinet to appoint. Lincoln did not choose as his advisers men of his own way of thinking, men with whom he had worked and who approved of him personally and politically. On the contrary, he gathered about him men who were inclined to be critical, men who were by no means his admirers or the upholders of his policies. Thus, his old rival, William H. Seward, of New York, the man who, in the opinion of many, should have been the Republican party's presidential candidate, became Lincoln's Secretary of State. Then there was Stuart P. Chase of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War; Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy; Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, Secretary of the Interior; Edward Bates, of Missouri, Attorney-General; Montgomery Blair, of Mary-

land, Postmaster-General. With some few exceptions a fine body of men, to whom Lincoln, at least in the beginning, seemed, as he did to the bulk of the politicians north and south, a man of slight experience in the ways of the world, practically a backwoodsman, unversed in the subtleties and maneuvers of national policies into which he was now entering.

There was some reason for this depreciatory estimate. Until now Lincoln had been closely identified with the local affairs of his own State. Except for the brief speech-making tour of the East with its crowning glory of the Cooper Union Address, he was known, if known at all, as a pioneer Westerner, racy of the soil, conspicuous for his rough humor, his unconventionalities. Men swapped stories about him that were true enough in themselves, but that taken cumulatively fostered the current notion that he lacked education and would provide a ludicrous contrast to those whose social habits and antecedents accustomed them to a world

of a wider horizon than that belonging to a Springfield lawyer with a very limited practise.

This view, however, failed to take into account the subtle change wrought in Lincoln on that epoch-making election day that raised him to presidency. The joke-loving, story-telling man of the people, whose frank, democratic heartiness endeared him throughout Illinois, had become a seer given to subtle moods of revery, to darkly prophetic visions.

The very day after the election he notes an experience that seemed to pierce the future, leaving him strangely perturbed. He had gone home to rest, he said, and threw himself down on a lounge in his room:

“Opposite where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it, and looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected almost at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered,

perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again I saw it a second time, plainer if possible than before: then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other. I got up and the thing melted away and I went off and in the excitement of the hour I forgot about it—nearly but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up and give me a little pang as if something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home again that night I told my wife about it and a few days afterwards I made the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came again: but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, tho I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was somewhat worried about it. She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."

This "sign," as his wife called it, appar-

ently intensified a strain of religious feeling that hitherto had been dormant. His friend, Judge Gillespie, visiting him in January, only two months before his inauguration, notes the change that had taken place in him. Lincoln spoke of his new duties as if they carried with them something of the supernatural. He had no illusions as to their difficulty.

"I have read upon my knees the story of Gethsemane where the Son of God prayed in vain that the cup of bitterness might pass from him," Gillespie quotes him as saying. "I am in the Garden of Gethsemane now and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing."

"I then told him," goes on Gillespie, "that as Christ's prayer was not answered and His crucifixion had redeemed the great part of the pagan world to Christianity, so the sacrifice demanded of him might be a great beneficence. Little did I then think how prophetic were my words to be, or what a great sacrifice he was going to make."

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It was in this atmosphere of premonition and a spirit of unaccustomed fervor that Lincoln finally set forth upon his mission. He felt that he would never again see the city that had become so much of a home to him. To his partner, "before leaving, he made the strange request that the signboard—Lincoln & Herndon—which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway, should remain." Altho everyone else might fail him, he was sure of "Billy" Herndon.

Filled with the religious feeling that had come over him during the last three months, he briefly addressed the crowds that pressed about him as he left Springfield:

"To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me, I must fail: but if the same Omniscient Mind and Almighty Arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not

forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that, with equal security and faith, you will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me."

The journey to Washington was an orgy of ovations and speeches. When Lincoln addressed these wayside throngs he belittled the immediate dangers that were supposed to menace the government. "Everything is all right," he told them. "There is no cause for anxiety." And the political Solons of the East took up his sayings, sneeringly commenting on his optimism, his ignorance of the impending crisis between North and South.

At Baltimore, he was faced with a new and irritating problem. Allan Pinkerton, the detective, and Frederic Seward, son of William H. Seward, warned him of an elaborate plan for his assassination before he reached Washington. If he continued the program that had been announced for the last day of his journey thither the assassins would succeed in their plot. He must

change his plans. There must be no more speeches. He must enter Washington secretly.

Lincoln demurred. He had little faith in the assassination theory. If he followed the advice of those about him he feared he would be rated a coward, and ridiculed accordingly. He was overruled, however; all his friends were impressed with the validity of the reports from Pinkerton and Seward.

Were these men justified in their fears? No trace of the alleged plot, certainly, has ever been discovered. Lincoln made the last few miles of his journey in secret. He arrived in Washington unexpectedly, and, as he had warned his friends, the rest of the country had a good laugh at his expense, and indulged in many a sneer at the unnecessary precautions he had taken.



War

INAUGURATION DAY, March 4, 1861, staged one of the most dramatic ceremonies in American history. Washington was not then the finished city that it is to-day. There were wide, empty spaces along the great avenue that linked the White House to the Capitol. Buildings that to-day distinguish the city for its architectural stateliness were still to come. Even the Capitol lacked the great dome that now crowns the whole, a huge derrick proclaiming that there was much to be done before this symbol of a United Republic should stand forth complete before the world. Myriads of people thronged the streets, drawn thither by more than the usual interest that fills the city on the inauguration of each new President.

On this particular occasion the public mind was ill at ease. Was this to be

the culminating scene in a fast-gathering tragedy? Rumors of violence, assassination, war, had created a painful uncertainty in many a breast. An exaggerated estimate of the strength of the Confederate States, presided over by Jefferson Davis, alarmed the North; at the National Capital, so near the home of secession, anything might happen on such a day as this.

This imagined imminence of danger affected profoundly that venerable soldier and patriot, General Winfield Scott. Head of the small body of soldiery that went by the name of the United States Army (it numbered at this time about 10,000), he had made up his mind that he would take no chances on this occasion. On every roof overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue he stationed sharpshooters ready for action at the first intimation of violence. The carriage bearing Lincoln and Buchanan from the Willard Hotel to the Capitol threaded its way through two compact lines of soldiers. At no point did it come in contact with the

civilian citizenry, eager to catch a glimpse of the gaunt Westerner who sat, tall and motionless, beside the slumping figure of the man who was about to drop a burden of anxieties that had grown intolerable.

Arrived at their destination, these two men did not ascend the broad steps of the Capitol in the sight of all the people, but were hurriedly smuggled through a temporary passageway built for their special protection and bristling with soldiery. No, General Scott, of Virginia, would take no chances! Under his surveillance the city was, for the nonce, a great fort into which the new President was hustled like some interloper, either to be feared, or—he might prove the savior of the nation.

What would he say? What was his inaugural message? Already the Union was rent in twain. What could he do to bring it together under the old symbols and allegiance? The task was far too great for him. A small country lawyer from Springfield!

In his hand he carried a cane and a roll of manuscript. Arrived at the speaker's platform, he stood silent before the multitude. He was awkward, visibly flurried. The tall silk hat which he took from his head perplexed him. Already burdened with cane and manuscript, what could he do with this mammoth encumbrance? A short, powerfully built man seated in the front row on the platform jumped up to relieve him. "If I can't be President," he whispered, half humorously, to a group of friends behind him, "at least I can hold the President's hat." It was Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's old antagonist; and the incident emphasized, as it was intended to do, Douglas's loyalty to the new administration.

Then came the inaugural. It had been the theme of many anxious days and nights in Springfield; then it had been amazingly lost—and recovered—in Baltimore. Lincoln's voice, clear and ringing, carried its message to every listener in the vast concourse that surrounded him.

What he said was the reverse of sensational; but it was incisive, simple in meaning, unequivocal as to the new administration's program. Slavery was no longer the problem. The day of the antislavery crusade had passed. Lincoln took up the theme that had first been handled with courage and directness by Andrew Jackson—the preservation of the Union. In the writing of his inaugural, Lincoln had placed before him Jackson's proclamation, Webster's debate with Hayne, the Declaration of Independence.

He devoted a brief sentence to the slavery issue: "One section of our country believes slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong and ought not to be extended: and this is the only substantial dispute. . . ." As to the threat of civil war, the boggy that for months past had swept the North: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can

have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect and defend' it."

Then the closing apostrophe, the passage debated between Lincoln and Seward; in its final form it emphasized strikingly Lincoln's innate predilection for simplicity of expression: "I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Tho passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

That was all. Chief Justice Taney administered the oath of office. At the age of fifty-two Lincoln was President of a divided nation, a huge section of which had not cast a single vote in his favor.

Back from the short, dynamic ceremonial the presidential party went, Lincoln, towering above the old man at his side, returning the greetings of those who cheered him on his way to the White House. "This place" he called it, the home that was to be his for the short remaining years of his life. The crowds were dispersed, General Scott's mighty guard withdrawn from the streets and the Capitol; throughout the land the words of the new President were flashed, while people speculated on the perils that menaced the administration of a man "so lacking in experience."

The very next day came the test. Down in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, Fort Sumter, belonging to the Federal government, was reported to be in need of provisions and reinforcements. On account of its position and the strength of its walls, this fort was considered the most important on the coast. It was commanded by a brave soldier, Major Robert Anderson, who had recently been transferred from Fort Moultrie.

The situation was peculiarly delicate. For the new administration to take active cognizance of Fort Sumter's needs at this moment would be regarded by the Confederate States as a deliberate act of hostility against them.

In his inaugural address Lincoln had declared that the Federal government would hold and protect all property that belonged to it. This applied to Fort Sumter as well as to other strongholds stationed along the Southern coast. Would Lincoln keep his word? He was shrewd politician as well as statesman. A relief expedition to Fort Sumter on the second day of his administration would precipitate the war between North and South that he hoped to avert. Delay was imperative. Major Anderson and the handful of men with him must hold the fort for a time. It was vital to the Union to do nothing now that would add to the number of seceding States.

Lincoln sounded his cabinet. Would it be wise to provision Fort Sumter immedi-

ately? Two members answered "yes"; five "no." Lincoln said nothing. That was his way, the lonely Pathfinder's way. But he sent a secret emissary to learn how long Fort Sumter could subsist without Federal relief. For some weeks nothing happened. Seemingly at peace, North and South awaited the act that would mean either a return to the old amity—or civil war.

Meanwhile, men speculated about the uncultivated Westerner who was at the helm of this storm-tossed Ship of State. Was he strong enough, adept enough to keep the lead in a situation that demanded the highest statesmanship? Had he the iron will to see things through to a victorious finish?

His cabinet was worried. Its members felt that the country looked to them to see their chief through a crisis in which his admitted inexperience was a woful handicap. Seward, for example, Secretary of State; who was better able to guide the President, to act for him, if need be, than this gifted New Yorker? Apparently Seward himself

shared the feeling that upon him devolved, at least for the time being, the national leadership.

He would do the thinking, the planning for the President. The acting also, if that part of the program was deputed to him. Impressed with his responsibility, he carefully worked out a scheme to restore the Union. He called his precious thesis "Thoughts for the President's Consideration," and had it in Lincoln's hands by the first of April.

The main point in these "thoughts" was a recommendation to pick a quarrel with the European powers that would lead to a war between them and the United States. A foreign war at this time, argued the Secretary of State, would bring back the erring secessionists into the Union—and then, behold! once more a united country. Further, as the President would be engaged in the many intricate domestic affairs pressing for solution in his executive capacity, it might be well to delegate the management of this pro-

posed foreign war to some member of the cabinet who would assume all responsibility for its prosecution. Seward, with due humility, offered to take over this task himself.

Lincoln answered the astonishing proposition, without the irritated comment that it might have provoked, on the same day that he received it. His brief note was to the effect that whatever course should be adopted, he, as President, must be responsible under the Constitution for its success or failure.

Grotesque tho it was, this interchange of "thoughts" proved a salutary turning point in the relations existing between Lincoln and his cabinet. Hereafter there could be no smoldering question of "leadership." Seward's foreign war was never discussed or even referred to by the President or his Secretary. To the latter's credit be it said that he not only accepted Lincoln's decision without demur, but from this time on was assiduous in the support of his Chief's policies. For the first time Seward began to

realize Lincoln's executive genius, his skill in the management of men, his far-seeing judgment in all that concerned the national welfare. "There is no vote in the cabinet," wrote Seward to his wife, "except the President's. He is the greatest of us all."

On the surface, all was at peace during the first five weeks of the new administration. In reality Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were engaged in a duel of patience. But in both sections of the country men clamored for action. Those States that had formed the Confederacy wanted recognition of their independence. Secession had won; the seceding States were no longer a part of the United States. Was there to be a war, or would the North accept the inevitable and recognize the Confederate States as an independent nation?

The North was in much the same temper as the South. The game of waiting was intolerable. If Lincoln meant what he said, why did he not bring the South back into the Union? He had done nothing to re-

possess, as he had promised, such Federal property—fortifications, ammunition, government stores, etc.—as was now in the hands of the seceding States. How long was this drifting policy to go on? Was it to be war, or would the South come back peaceably to her old allegiance?

Jefferson Davis sent three commissioners to Washington to arrange matters with the United States. Seward met them. The opportunity of effecting a compromise that would end the talk of war appealed to him strongly. The acceptance of secession in the South had always seemed to him inevitable. But before making terms with these commissioners he “would have to see the President,” he told them.

That ended the negotiations. In Lincoln’s policy no compromise was possible. Possessed of a patience that distinguishes him in history, he refused to enter into a futile discussion. Compromise was an absurdity. Time would tell. So long as the seven seceding States occupied their present

position, their emissaries could have no official standing with the United States. The contrast between the President and his Secretary of State was significant. When these commissioners should come to Washington as citizens of the United States, said Lincoln, they could be received, but not before.

No one knew Lincoln's policy. He sought the opinions of others, but he himself remained cloaked in an impenetrable silence. He asked General Scott what should be done with Fort Sumter. The old General feared that there was nothing for it but to evacuate that stronghold. It might be wise, also, to withdraw any outward evidence of the power and authority of the United States from the Southern coast. Lincoln did not answer. He had pledged himself to repossess the property of the United States wherever it might be threatened with confiscation. He had hoped, he hoped to the very last, that there would be no war. But he kept his own counsel; no one knew Lincoln's mind. And yet,

no President had been so approachable to those who wished to consult with him.

Lincoln threw down the barriers of official etiquette. As a result, the White House was daily thronged with visitors from every part of the country; office-seekers, most of them, and at first all had access to the President. The "democratic simplicity" of Jefferson was Lincoln's ideal of how the nation's chief executive should meet men and transact business.

There was a vast difference, however, in the democracy of the two statesmen. With Jefferson an attitude of universal camaraderie was largely theoretical, with Lincoln it was practical. The man from Sangamon was democracy personified. Whoever would could speak with him. For all he had a hearty greeting, oftentimes a joke to crack that savored of the carefree life with the Clary's Grove Boys.

Rules and regulations to enhance the dignity surrounding the head of the state were not for him. Men came to him, full of what

seemed to them some vital matter—usually a suggested appointment to office—and he would parry their solicitations with a jest, a bit of homely wisdom, that would soften their disappointment.

Congressmen, fretted by their ignorance of contemplated movements of the army, demanded complete information on the subject. Thus, Ganson, of Buffalo, a member blessed with a perfectly bald head, denounced the administration's policy of silence. "We are voting and acting in the dark in Congress," he snapped, "and I demand to know what is the present situation. What are the prospects and conditions of the several campaigns and armies?" Lincoln looked at him quizzically. "Ganson," he said, his gaze lingering on his head, "how clean you shave!"

A Congressman from Ohio, decidedly under the influence of liquor, rambled into Lincoln's office. Throwing himself into a chair, he recited the first line of the President's favorite poem: "Oh, why should—

uh—the spirit of mortal be proud?” “My dear sir,” declared Lincoln, “I see no reason whatever.”

Formalities wearied him. Longing for the free intercourse with his fellow men that he had enjoyed in Springfield, when office hours were over he would seat himself on the steps of the White House, chatting familiarly with passersby who stopped to greet him. Jokes there might be, reminiscences redolent of life in Sangamon County, or on Mississippi flatboats.

Those near to him in the government, weighed down by the seriousness of the drama upon which the nation was entering, were irritated by their Chief's eccentricities. At times he seemed to them positively lacking in a due sense of his own responsibility. Was this man who, if the humor seized him, would start a cabinet meeting by reading from Artemus Ward's latest joke-book, really cognizant, impressed as he should be, with the situation at Fort Sumter, the perilous unrest of Virginia, the uncertainties, the

defections in the Border States? As yet they did not know him. He lacked the histrionics belonging to the masterful man of tradition. His simplicity mystified them. "Abraham Lincoln is the kind of man," said John Stuart Mill, later on, "Carlyle in his better days taught us to worship as a hero."

Events crowded fast in those fateful April days. Major Anderson in Fort Sumter must be relieved. An expedition, organized for that purpose, sailed from New York harbor. General Beauregard, in Charleston, was notified that there would be no attempt to do more than carry provisions to the fort. The Confederate States, however, determined that not even provisions would be allowed. Beauregard called upon Anderson to surrender. He refused. The shore batteries opened fire. On April 14 Fort Sumter fell.

The tragedy of civil war had begun. At last the North was united behind the President. Stephen A. Douglas, leader of Northern Democrats, within twenty-four hours of

the firing on Fort Sumter called at the White House and offered himself and all he could command in defense of the Union.

By the fifteenth Lincoln had issued a call for seventy-five thousand men to swell the ranks of the little army of less than twenty thousand. He could have had double, treble the number. Each State seemed emulous to prove its patriotism by sending twice as many men as the President needed. The same enthusiasm spread throughout the South, thousands upon thousands of waverers sealed to the cause of secession.

On the very day following Lincoln's call for troops the Virginia convention, until then favoring the Union, passed a secession resolution. By the twenty-fourth of the month a military league bound Virginia and the Confederacy of Montgomery together.

Not all of Virginia joined the secession movement. A large portion of the State remained in the Union as West Virginia. With the parent State, however, was Robert E. Lee, the man General Scott, with Lin-

coln's approval, had hoped to put at the head of the Army of the North. Lee was a West Point graduate, whose military ability was recognized at this time as superior to that of any of his brother officers. But with him, as with most Southerners, State came first, regardless of national patriotism.

Virginia's defection brought the forces of secession to the very doors of the national capital; if Maryland should finally go with the South, Washington would be hemmed in on every side by hostile territory. Sentiment in Maryland, a slave State, was largely Southern; to keep her in the Union presented a fine problem in diplomacy.

When the first troops came in answer to Lincoln's call, it was necessary for them, in order to reach Washington, to pass through Baltimore. The Baltimoreans at once resented the presence in their city of men who were marching to make war upon a country to which Maryland was bound by ties of age-long custom and sympathy. So fiercely did the majority of the citizens resent this in-

vasion, as they called it, that riots broke out and four of the Northern soldiers were killed, thirty-six wounded. The mayor of the city protested to the President against permitting further troops to reach Washington through Baltimore. Neither would the Marylanders grant permission for Northern regiments to march around the city. "Very well," replied Lincoln, decisively; "if they can't come through Baltimore or around it, and they can't dig under it or fly above it, they will come across Maryland—for troops we must and shall have."

Later on, in May, when Virginia had become one of the Confederate States and Richmond the Confederate capital, the menace to Washington grew more acute. General Scott declared that the city was unsafe, and that non-combatants should leave it. The President's wife, for example, Mrs. Lincoln and her children. But Mrs. Lincoln refused. "If it was safe enough for the President to stay in the White House," she said, "it was safe enough for her."

Weary weeks passed before sufficient reinforcements came from the North to defend the city against the army that, said Rumor, was marching to attack it. Even Lincoln grew impatient. "I am beginning to believe that there is no North!" he exclaimed. Another call for troops was issued, this time to serve for a term of three years. On July 4 Congress convened in extra session. A message from the President described the condition of the country and asked for a sufficient force of men and an adequate amount of money to put down the rebellion that now existed in eleven States. Four hundred thousand men, four hundred million dollars, was Lincoln's estimate. Congress voted him five hundred thousand men, five hundred million dollars.

The time had come for real war. No rumor this time—fact stared Washington in the face. From the White House the President could see on the heights of Arlington, instead of the Stars and Stripes, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy. Before July

was over, at the President's orders an attempt was made to clear the road between Washington and Richmond of Southern troops. It was "On to Richmond!" even before the war had begun. McDowell on the sixteenth of July, with thirty-five thousand men, marched from Washington to attack the Confederates encamped at Bull Run under General Beauregard.

The two armies met on the twenty-first. At the beginning the Federals were in the lead. Victory was in their grasp. Rebellion would be crushed in a single battle. Then General Patterson, on whom McDowell relied for reinforcements, failed him. The tide of battle turned. Before the day was over, McDowell with his men, now a rabble in full retreat, straggled back to Washington. The Confederate Army had fought and won the first battle of the Civil War.



“All Quiet along the Potomac”

IN the gloomy days following August, 1914, there were enthusiasts in the United States who believed it possible to stop the World War with a “Peace Ship,” and “to get,” as the saying went, “the boys out of the trenches before Christmas.” Fifty-three years earlier, in a similar spirit of short-sighted optimism, there were those, including President Lincoln himself, who thought that within ninety days after the firing on Fort Sumter the troubles between North and South would be over, a great civil war averted, and the country again united.

Bull Run changed all this. The South indulged in a delirium of rejoicing. The government of Jefferson Davis had proved its stability. The Confederate States of America were here to stay. In the North, on the other hand, there was panic, hysteria. Washington, the capital, was “doomed.”

The Northern Army could not stand before the "superior troops" of the South. Everything was black, hopeless. Not, however, in the eyes of Lincoln.

On the day following Bull Run he sent for George B. McClellan of Ohio. Out on the western frontier McClellan had made a name for himself. Back in April the Governor of Ohio had appealed to Lincoln for a man to take charge of the State Volunteers. The City of Cincinnati had asked for McClellan's appointment. He was tremendously popular. He was a man who could do things. A graduate from West Point, he had gained his first experience as a soldier in the Mexican War. He had witnessed the fall of Sebastopol. If anyone was proficient in military science it was McClellan; he had just proved his ability as commander of the Northern troops in Ohio.

In the early part of the month darkened by Bull Run, McClellan, in the space of three weeks, by a series of short, decisive battles, had cleared West Virginia of South-

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ern troops. His victories placed this loyal section of Virginia safely on the muster roll of the North. Yes, McClellan was a man to do things. At the call of the President he was in Washington within four days.

An impressionable man, self-centered, the enthusiasm with which he was received turned his head. “I find myself in a new and strange position here,” he wrote home. “President, cabinet, General Scott and all deferring to me. By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land.” Within two weeks he was writing to his wife: “I receive letter after letter, have conversation after conversation, calling on me to save the nation, alluding to the presidency, dictatorship, etc.”

All this adulation he took seriously; he was convinced that he was the instrument selected by Providence to save the country. Lincoln, he declared condescendingly, is “honest and means well.” Later on he found the President too much given to snooping, “browsing.” But at first everything was as

it should be, and this young general from Ohio—he was thirty-four years old when he arrived in Washington—set to work to create a perfectly drilled army out of the raw troops that had crumpled up under fire.

Meanwhile, for Lincoln there were political as well as military problems to solve. The North clamored for action. The Abolitionists of New England wanted immediate emancipation for the negroes.

No man detested slavery more than Lincoln; but he considered the freeing of the negroes of less importance than the preservation of the Union. If he listened to the demands of Northern enthusiasts, if he issued an Emancipation Proclamation at this time, the result would be disastrous. By such an act the slave-holding Border States, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, might easily be lost to the Union cause. Should these States join the Confederacy, the task of preserving the Union would be vastly more difficult. To keep these States out of the snare of secession was, therefore, Lincoln's chief concern.

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But emancipation was in the air; army politicals used it to advance their interests. Down in Missouri General John C. Frémont, military commander of the Western Department, issued an order intended to free the slaves in the section immediately under his supervision. Judging by the pomp and ceremony with which he had surrounded himself, Frémont was in the way of becoming something of an Oriental satrap. Few, and those only with the best of credentials, could penetrate to the inner sanctum of his headquarters. When he appeared on the streets of St. Louis it was with all the glitter of gold braid, brass buttons, and an impressive bodyguard of picked soldiers.

His slavery proclamation delighted the North. Here was a man who knew what he was fighting for, who placed the whole issue of the war on a high moral plane. If only Lincoln could see things with the lofty vision of Frémont! Instead, the President wrote a friendly letter to the ambitious general in which he let him know that the portion of

his war order relating to slavery must be withdrawn. An issue of this sort, he admonished him, should be handled only by the Executive. There was nothing in the shape of an official reprimand, as there well might have been in the letter; but the order was there. When Frémont failed to carry it out, Lincoln himself, much to the disgust of the North, rescinded the slavery part of Frémont's military bulletin. A few months later General David Hunter proclaimed martial law and the abolition of slavery in Georgia, South Carolina and Florida—another act which Lincoln promptly revoked.

An important political phase of the slavery question, Lincoln was constantly reminded, offered a valid reason for immediate emancipation. Europe was watching the contest in America with great interest. A dissolution of the Union was regarded as a possibility. On the strength of this contingency, the friendship of France, England, Spain, Italy had grown lukewarm towards

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the United States and was in danger of passing over to the Confederacy. If, however, President Lincoln should announce explicitly that the aim of the war on the part of the North was to abolish slavery, the popular appeal of such an issue would solidify European sympathy behind the armies of the United States.

It was at this time, when the international skies were far from bright, that an unfortunate incident occurred which threatened to precipitate a war with England. A British Royal Mail Steamship, the *Trent*, sailed from Havana, Cuba, for England. Among her passengers were two commissioners from the Confederate States, J. Y. Mason and John Slidell. Their task in Europe was to gain recognition and material aid for the Confederate cause, either from England or from France.

Their presence on the *Trent* was known to certain officers of the American navy. One of these, Captain Wilkes, of the U. S. S. *San Jacinto*, pursued the *Trent*, boarded her, and

carried off the two Confederate envoys. News of the exploit spread like wildfire. Captain Wilkes was feted as the first hero of the war, while Mason and Slidell had a taste of prison life instead of sojourning luxuriously at the French and English courts. Lincoln, however, was far from pleased. "Mason and Slidell," he told Seward, "will prove white elephants on our hands."

Then spoke England, indignant, furious at this high-handed breaking of the neutrality laws on the high seas. The immediate surrender of the *Trent's* two passengers was demanded, together with an apology from the United States government for what had happened. The alternative—war.

As in the case of Frémont, Lincoln faced a disagreeable duty, one that would be unpopular to the last degree. England was in the right. She was claiming no more than the United States had claimed not so many years back. Lincoln did not hesitate. The Confederate envoys were bundled off to their

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destination in Europe, the administration disavowing the act of Captain Wilkes, who had boarded the *Trent* without the knowledge or authority of the United States Government.

There was no apology; but the reply to England's demands was couched in such dignified terms that thenceforth the Lincoln administration was treated by the British government with far more respect than had yet been accorded it. At home, however, the release of Mason and Slidell exasperated the radical Republicans.

The war was going badly. An investigation was needed. Congress took action. A Committee on the Conduct of the War was appointed. Before many weeks had passed, this committee unearthed a situation in the War Department that pointed to the existence of corruption, the making of dishonest contracts for clothing, munitions of war, etc.

Secretary Cameron had proved anything but a satisfactory member of the Lincoln Cabinet. Altho he was not personally

charged with the corruption dug up by the committee, he was nevertheless responsible for it. Lincoln remembered that Cameron had recently expressed a desire for a foreign appointment. There was a vacancy in the Russian mission. The time was opportune. Cameron was sent to Russia; his place in the cabinet was filled by Edwin M. Stanton.

Of all his official acts Stanton's appointment is perhaps the most significant of Lincoln's impersonal attitude in matters concerned with the public welfare. Some years before, he had expected to be engaged with Stanton in a lawsuit. Stanton, however, "declined to associate with such a damned, gawky, long-armed ape as that; if he could not have a man who was a gentleman in appearance associated with him in the case, he would himself abandon it." Later, Stanton criticized the Lincoln administration and sneered at the President personally. He called him, according to McClellan, "the original gorilla," and suggested that "if the explorer, Du Chaillu, is looking for gorillas,

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he might find the best of them in the United States.”

Neither Stanton's insulting expressions nor the political differences between them affected Lincoln. Stanton's personal prejudices did not interest him. He wanted a man in the Department of War whose honesty was unimpeachable, whose patriotism was of the highest quality, and he believed Stanton was just such a man. Therefore, he chose him.

There were protests over his appointment; Stanton was far from popular. To all who approached him on the subject Lincoln had but one answer: “Show me a better man than Stanton and I will make him Secretary of War.” A factor in the appointment was Stanton's friendship with McClellan. This friendship, however, now that the two men were associated in the Lincoln administration, proved of short duration.

McClellan had done nothing in the field during the months since he had taken over the command of the army. His activities

were confined solely to the organizing of a perfect fighting machine. His disciplinary measures completely transformed the army. [The outside world, however, expected something different. Where was "the man who does things?" McClellan's delay in moving his army, in marching on Richmond, in fighting the decisive battle that everyone looked for, had seriously diminished his popularity.

The phrase continually used in newspaper headlines, "All quiet on the Potomac," became a bit of irony that exasperated the North with Lincoln's general. Stanton was indignant. Newspaper editors railed. There were whispers of treason. McClellan was a Democrat. Was his inaction a deliberate play into the hands of the enemy?

There was nothing in the charge; no impartial student of the war, then or since, has given it credence. But McClellan's inaction, his treatment of his superiors laid him open, and justly, to hostile criticism. The time came when Lincoln, and Lincoln alone, gave friendly support to his dilatory general.

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Months went by, winter came, the organization of the army was perfect; there was no reason, civilians claimed, why it should not undertake that march to Richmond. Then McClellan fell ill. More months of inaction; even Lincoln's patience was exhausted. "I would like to borrow McClellan's army," he said, "if McClellan himself has no use for it."

Remonstrance and suggestion failing, Lincoln himself plunged into the study of war. He spent hours, days reading books on military tactics. Finally he issued an order that on February 22 there should be a movement of Northern troops on every front. The order did not disturb McClellan. He had reasons for remaining in camp. "The time has not come," he said, "for the great assault on the enemy's capital."

The political aspect of the situation did not interest him. He was the idol of his men. What the outside public thought of him was a matter of indifference. As for browsing Presidents, Secretaries, they had to

be endured. But that was all. McClellan became at last so impatient at interference of any sort that his treatment of Lincoln broke the rules of ordinary courtesy.

He would let the President wait in his antechamber while he discussed indifferent matters with casual visitors. On one occasion when Lincoln and two of his Secretaries were awaiting him at his house, McClellan, coming in from the street, went upstairs without greeting them. The two Secretaries protested indignantly at the discourtesy. Lincoln was undisturbed. "Why," he said, with his habitual chuckle, "I would hold McClellan's horse for him if he would win us a battle."

The second battle of Bull Run was fought. Again the Union troops, this time under General John Pope, were badly beaten. McClellan was not directly to blame, but the popular indignation was wreaked on him. Discharge McClellan, issue an order freeing the negroes from slavery; that was the cry in the North. And

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the time was rapidly approaching when Lincoln would answer it. For months past he had labored over a favorite project of his, the compensated slavery movement. He presented a statement embodying his idea to Congress.

To Representatives and Senators of the Border States he outlined his plan, pointing out its advantages as a war measure and its justice to the slave owners in the settlement of the great problem. The Congressmen from the Border States, however, were silent; when it came to a vote they opposed the measure.

The time had come for emancipation. None knew this better than Lincoln. The situation in Europe, the reverses suffered by the Northern States, everything pointed to this as a political necessity. As a war measure it did not conflict with the requirements of the Constitution. It was a weapon by which to save the Union. If such a proclamation should be issued, however, at a time when no great victory had brightened

the Union arms, it would be as futile, declared Lincoln, as the Pope's bull against the comet.

McClellan must be driven into the field. Already he had done some fighting in the vicinity of Richmond. He and the President disagreed as to the route to be followed in the assault on the Southern capital, but McClellan had been allowed to take the way he thought best. There came the continuous Seven Days Battle in which the army demonstrated its splendid fighting ability. But it failed to score a decisive victory.

Then Lee invaded Maryland. The call for McClellan was imperative. The two armies met. The battle of Antietam was fought, in some respects "the most decisive battle in the war." Lee was defeated and driven from the State.

There were features of the battle that detracted considerably from its value as a Union victory. For some incomprehensible reason McClellan let Lee and his army escape. But it was enough of a victory to

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serve Lincoln's purpose. On the 22nd of September, five days after the battle, Lincoln called the members of his cabinet together. As they entered the familiar room they found the President deep in Artemus Ward's *High-handed Outrage in Uticy*.

Rubbing one hand up and down his gaunt legs and indulging in delighted chuckles, he kept on with the book, reading it aloud to his Secretaries. The chapter finished, he turned leisurely to a chest of drawers at his side and brought out a paper. Once before he had consulted with his cabinet in regard to it. Now, he told them, it was completed. He had not called them, he said, for any critical advice they might have to offer, but merely to announce to them that he had made up his mind—he had written out what he believed best for the country, a law that would go into effect on New Year's day, 1863. It was the Proclamation of Emancipation.

“I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, do proclaim that

on the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall then be, thenceforward and forever, free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act, or acts, to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

When the great paper, with a few slight changes, was signed, in the presence of his cabinet, on New Year's Day, Lincoln, whose "hand was almost paralyzed" after a whole morning of hand-shaking in the reception room of the White House, jokingly remarked: "I suppose when future generations look at this shaky signature of mine they will say that I hesitated, I was afraid to sign it, but as a matter of fact, I never signed a paper more willingly than this."



The Tide Turns

ANTIETAM was but a small victory, after all, to warrant the Emancipation Proclamation. It stood in bright relief, however, against a background as dark, monotonous, depressing for the nation at large and for Lincoln individually, as the Valley Forge experience for Washington and the Continental Army.

Besides the burden of the war, whose prosecution was hampered by inaction, by generals who lacked initiative, by recalcitrant politicians, Lincoln had borne a domestic loss that left its indelible mark upon him. Early in the year his son, Willie, died. The love of children had ever been strong within him; from his two sons, Willie and Tad, this love had created an influence that softened the rigors and disappointments which pressed upon him daily from the war. For some time after his son's death it was

apparent to those who knew him that he was passing through a poignant mental struggle. When he emerged from this Gethsemane he appeared lonelier, perhaps, than before, but with a quiet, indomitable resolution that impressed itself upon all that he did. His domestic loss, indeed, strengthened this Man of Sorrows—and for the black ordeal of repeated military reverses that would not be lightened for many months to come, strength was needed.

After Antietam the Army of the Potomac lapsed into its old inactivity. McClellan answered Lincoln's rebuke for having let Lee's army escape, with complaints, excuses, demands. The country was dissatisfied: the Union General had been given every opportunity to prove his ability. Even Lincoln's patience was exhausted.

Finally McClellan crossed the Potomac, resuming his march on Richmond. This time Lincoln resolved that if he allowed Lee's army to come between him and the Southern capital he would be dismissed.

What he feared happened; Lee was permitted to carry out the expected maneuvers, whereupon Lincoln, fulfilling the promise he had made to himself, on November 7 took the command from McClellan and turned it over to General Ambrose Burnside.

Analysts of the Civil War find it difficult to explain just why this amiable officer, possessed tho he was of a fine pair of whiskers, should have been placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac. He was handsome, politically desirable, enjoyed a considerable popularity; but as a leader of armies, a winner of battles, he had but a meager record—a record that was hopelessly dashed during the next few weeks.

Early in December the march toward Richmond was resumed. On the thirteenth Burnside attacked Fredericksburg, behind which he was well intrenched. There was a terrific battle, resulting in the defeat of the Northern army, with a pitiful roster of losses—10,208 soldiers killed, 2,145 missing.

Burnside had accepted the command of

the army with reluctance; he did not feel himself capable, he said, either through experience or training, of pushing through so great a task as was involved in the capture of Richmond. Events more than justified his modest estimate of himself. He proved a costly experiment—and other experiments of the same kind were to come.

A month and a half after Fredericksburg, Burnside resigned. In his place Lincoln appointed "Fighting Joe" Hooker. "Fighting Joe" was a West Point graduate. In his rise to the position of Major-General he had shown marked military ability, whence his inspiring nickname. Now he was placed in command of an army of 124,000 men, confronting a task—the capture of Richmond, the defeat of Lee's army—that, if accomplished, would end the war.

In appointing Hooker Lincoln wrote him a typically frank letter, revealing much of the political intrigue that hindered the prosecution of the war:

"General,—I have placed you at the head

of the Army of the Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons; and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier,—which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession,—in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself,—which is a valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious,—which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm: but I think that, during General Burnside's command of the army, you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only

those generals who gain successes can set up as dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. [The government will support you to the utmost of its ability,—which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now, beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but, with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories.”

“Fighting Joe,” gifted with something of McClellan’s organizing ability, through drills and much-needed discipline, brought his men up to the efficiency they had lost during the Burnside régime. By the end of April all was ready for an active campaign.

Then came defeat, blasted hopes for the success of the Union arms. The battle of Chancellorsville, May 4; more ruthless in its carnage than Fredericksburg—12,197 men killed; 5,000 missing. Hooker had handled his men badly; he lacked the military genius necessary for so important an engagement. Another "experiment" had gone wrong. Richmond lay further away than ever. On the 27th of June, "Fighting Joe" Hooker was removed and Major-General George G. Meade put in his place.

With these continued reverses on the eastern front, Lincoln faced an increasingly dark, critical situation in the country at large. With no victories, the people of the North tired of the war; the enthusiasm with which they had first rallied to the support of the President had long since melted away. An exaggerated estimate of the strength of the South seriously affected volunteer enlistments. Politically, the enemies of the administration were gaining ground.

In his own party there was a great falling

off in the Lincoln following. The conservative Republicans, those who in the beginning supported Lincoln, were losing strength; the radicals, clamoring for a complete change in the war program, were in the ascendant.

Congress reflected this veering of sentiment. The victorious Democrats in the November elections were greatly in excess of the number returned in the previous year. Of the Republican members almost a majority were against Lincoln. Only in the Border States was Lincoln amply supported, a fact that vindicated his much criticized "Border State policy."

These political antagonisms invaded the cabinet. Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, candidate for the Republican nomination in 1860, had from the first shown little sympathy with Lincoln's policies. He was ambitious, brilliant, a radical, inclined to look down upon his chief with a sneering tolerance that depreciated the latter's talent for leadership.

Chase's department, moreover, was one

about which Lincoln frankly declared himself ignorant. A delegation of bankers from various sections of the country presented themselves at the United States Treasury toward the end of the year, expressing a desire to discuss the financial situation with the President. Informed of their request by Chase, Lincoln declared: "Money! I don't know anything about money. I never had enough of my own to fret me, and I have no opinion about it any way." Everything that had to do with finance was left in his Secretary's hands.

Opposed to Chase was the conservative member of the cabinet, the man who had thought at first that Lincoln would really be under his guidance—William H. Seward, another ex-candidate from 1860. [The enmity between the two Secretaries reached its climax in the winter of 1862. A caucus of Republican Senators demanded Seward's resignation—which the Secretary promptly placed in Lincoln's hands, to use as he should see fit.

A meeting of the cabinet was then called. Seward was absent. The situation was discussed, and Secretary Chase announced that his own resignation was ready. Lincoln immediately held out his hand for the document, which Chase reluctantly gave him. Lincoln made prompt use of this skilful maneuver by writing next day to his Secretaries:

“You have respectively tendered me your resignations as Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. I am apprized of the circumstances which rendered this course personally desirable to each of you: but after most anxious consideration, my deliberate judgment is that the public interest does not admit of it. I therefore have to request that you will resume the duties of your departments respectively.”

Seward's response was immediate. He “cheerfully resumed the functions of his department in obedience to your command.” Chase hesitated for two days, and then

yielded. Political rivalries and ill feeling in the cabinet were assuaged, at least temporarily, and Lincoln's official family gave him a more loyal and efficient backing in the storms that were to come.

In the spring of 1863 opposition to the war and to the Lincoln administration found concrete expression in "Copperheadism." Secret societies of Northern sympathizers with the Confederate States were formed, rejoicing in such names as "The Order of American Knights," "The Order of the Star," "The Sons of Liberty," "The Knights of the Golden Circle." Membership in these societies grew surprisingly, but their activities, magnified by timid Northern patriots, were scarcely heeded by Lincoln.

Considerable anxiety was shown, however, in the case of an Ohio Democrat, a member of Congress since 1856, Clement L. Vallandigham, spokesman of the "Copperhead Democrats." His speeches, critical of the North, sympathetic toward the South, enraged the Unionists of his State.

Burnside, Commander of the Department of Ohio, rigorous in his treatment of Copperheads, arrested Vallandigham and confined him in Fort Warren. This action, it was thought, would have a repressing influence on the disaffected members of the Democratic party. But Lincoln did not sympathize with this view. He had no wish to make a martyr of Vallandigham. Against the clamors of those who were alarmed by the spread of Copperheadism he had already expressed himself. "Nothing can make me believe," he said on one occasion, "that one hundred thousand Indiana Democrats are disloyal." But something had to be done with Vallandigham; he was more dangerous in prison than out of it. So Lincoln ordered his release from Fort Warren and his transfer, with full liberty, to the Confederate States, where he would be with his own kind.

This clever disposal of a troublesome Copperhead appealed to the humor of the North. The South, however, had no use for Vallan-

digham and promptly got rid of him. Ultimately he managed to get into Canada, where he issued a series of manifestoes to his fellow Democrats in Ohio. As a result of this, he was nominated for governor of the State at the party convention on June 11.

Active opposition to Lincoln's war policy reached its apex in a "monster mass meeting" held in New York City, May 15 and 16, where Governor Horatio Seymour asked "whether this war is waged to put down rebellion in the South or to destroy free institutions in the North." Resolutions violently condemning Lincoln were passed and sent to him. To these he replied:

"The resolutions are resolvable into two propositions,—first, the expressions of a purpose to sustain the cause of the Union, to secure peace through victory, and to support the administration in every constitutional and lawful measure to suppress the rebellion; and, secondly, a declaration of censure upon the Administration for supposed unconstitutional action, such as the making of

military arrests. And, from the two propositions, a third is deduced, which is, that the gentlemen composing the meeting are resolved on doing their part to maintain our common government and country, despite the folly or wickedness, as they may conceive, of any Administration. This position is eminently patriotic, and, as such, I thank the meeting, and congratulate the nation for it. My own purpose is the same, so that the meeting and myself have a common object, and can have no difference, except in the choice of means or measures for effecting that object."

Party animosities, criticism of Lincoln's conduct of the war, above all the lack of victories for the North, inevitably had a chilling effect on European sentiment. The Emancipation Proclamation, it is true, produced a favorable impression; but the ruling classes still inclined to give their sympathy and aid to the Southern Confederacy.

Two republics in North America are better than one, argued European traders and

politicians. So far no official recognition of the Confederate States was given by England; but agents of the Davis government succeeded in getting three ships from England for the Southern navy, while Confederate bonds were eagerly purchased by English investors.

By mid-year the Union cause was at its darkest. Lee's army, invading Pennsylvania, had for its goal Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington. Like the central character in his favorite Shakespearian tragedy, Lincoln was bombarded by evil reports, messages of despair. Dissatisfaction in the North was growing. Abroad, recognition of the Confederate States was imminent.

Then suddenly, dramatically, the tide turned. As if ordered by some Unseen Power, the Union armies, one operating in the West, another in the South, the third in Pennsylvania, rolled up one great Fourth of July triumph. On that day, in 1863, General Rosecrans drove the last Confederate soldier out of Southern Tennessee. On that

day, the Southern stronghold, Vicksburg on the Mississippi, after a prolonged siege that ranks among the brilliant military exploits of history, surrendered to General U. S. Grant. On that day, in Pennsylvania, after a three days' battle, General Robert E. Lee and his army were driven from the field of Gettysburg by the Army of the Potomac.

Again on that same day—a semi-humorous note in the pæan of victory—Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, was beating at the doors of the Union, armed, as he informed the Admiral in Hampton Roads, with a proposal for peace from the Confederate government, which he wished to lay before President Lincoln.

Yes, the tide had turned! The North was jubilant. The spectacular coincidence of these three victories revived the drooping spirits of Lincoln's adherents. The Union soldier, measuring himself with the Confederate, had not been found lacking. The end of the war was in sight. If General

Meade had followed up Gettysburg with the capture of Lee's army, peace would have been proclaimed before July was over, declared Lincoln.

Lee had escaped, however, and until he was captured the war must drag on, it might be for two years longer. Meade was another experiment that, if not placed in the same category of failure with Burnside and Hooker, must, nevertheless, be counted as lacking in the energy, the military prescience of a great commander.

To that stubborn general out West, the tornado who did things as no man did them, who won battles on his own initiative, the silent soldier, hated of politicians, Lincoln wrote a letter nine days after the surrender of Vicksburg.

"My Dear General: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicks-

burg, I thought you would do what you finally did—march the troops across the Neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Fort Gibson, Grand Gulf, and the vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.”

Later, on October 16, Grant was appointed to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, including the departments of Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee.

Lincoln's patience under defeat or political ill fortune was reaping its reward. His old friends and fellow citizens of Springfield invited him to a mass meeting there on the third of September.

Springfield was his home. Often he longed

for it, its downright friendships, the partnership with Herndon, whose stalwart loyalty was a delight to remember when things were blackest: yes, Springfield offered a much needed respite from the anxieties of the presidency. But the time had not come for it; he could not go. Instead he wrote a letter in which he struck this optimistic note:

“The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea. Thanks to the great Northwest for it; nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone, and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a helping hand. On the spot their part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great national one, and let none be slighted who bore an honorable part in it. And while those who have cleared the great river may well be proud, even that is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely or well done than at Antietam, Mur-

freesboro', Gettysburg, and on many fields of less note. . . . Thanks to all. For the great Republic,—for the principle it lives by and keeps alive,—for man's vast future,—thanks to all."

Shortly after that, on the 19th of November, the National Military Cemetery at Gettysburg was consecrated. The formal oration was delivered by Edward Everett of Massachusetts. The President, an invited guest, was asked to make "a few appropriate remarks." They were as follows:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fit-

ting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us;—that from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”



“On the Deck My Captain Lies——”

LINCOLN'S Gettysburg Address passed almost unnoticed. Edward Everett's oration was the feature of the day. Coming after that learned two-hour discourse, the “few informal remarks” of the President were scarcely heard. The people were weary, their strained attention sought relaxation. Lincoln, always diffident as a speaker, felt that he had not risen to the occasion. Time has reversed his estimate. No one remembers Everett's oration, but Lincoln's address, two hundred and sixty-seven words—barely a typewritten page in length—has become a classic of prose literature second to none in form, simplicity of expression, loftiness of sentiment.

Shortly after the Gettysburg Address, on December 8, Lincoln sent his third annual message to Congress. Here, for the first time, he revealed something of the reconstruction

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program that he had in mind for the end of the war. The message carried a Proclamation of Amnesty by which any Southerner who had taken up arms against the Union was invited to return to his allegiance, without penalty or reprisal, merely by taking the oath “to support, protect and defend the Constitution.”

It also provided that should the Confederates respond to this amnesty they must promise to abide by all legislation that had been passed concerning slavery during the last three years. The message was a surprise to everyone. It offered a short, peaceful way to bring the war to an end.

Lincoln’s position was clear. He did not admit that the Southern States were out of the Union. Secession, he held, was impossible under the Constitution. To admit that the South had succeeded in setting up an independent government and was no longer a part of the Union was to grant that secession was recognized as a fact—therefore right—by the law.

On the other hand, according to his view, Southerners who had taken up arms against the established government, and were now repentant, should be treated as wayward brothers and welcomed back into the fold. What he wished, according to Colonel McClure, was "a speedy and cordial restoration of the dissevered States." He cherished no resentment against the South, and every theory of reconstruction that he ever conceived or presented was eminently peaceful and looked solely to reattaching the estranged people to the government.

This attitude created a growing division in Lincoln's party as early as the fall of 1863. By the beginning of next year, with the presidential nominations in sight, it had extended to the cabinet. Secretary Chase was formally approached in January by a committee of Senators, Representatives and citizens, asking him to approve his own candidacy in the coming nominating convention. Later on, Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, published a circular, for private distribution,

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severely criticizing Lincoln's conduct as President, and favoring Chase. This screed found its way into the newspapers, whereupon Chase, feeling the inconsistency of his position in the cabinet, offered his resignation. Lincoln, however, refused to take it, expressing indifference on the subject of Chase's candidacy, remarking: "I hope the country will never have a worse President than Mr. Chase would be."

Chase was soon eliminated as a candidate for the Republican nomination. His native State, Ohio, refused him its support, and shortly afterward Rhode Island went against him. His place in the cabinet was ultimately filled by Senator Fessenden of Maine. A few months later Lincoln magnanimously appointed Chase to the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Taney.

Major-General John C. Frémont was another would-be presidential candidate to appear in the spring of 1864. His name was proposed at a "mass convention," a gather-

ing of disgruntled politicians, principally those who had some special grievance against the Lincoln Administration. They nominated Frémont unanimously. Told that this "mass convention" numbered "only about four hundred people," Lincoln reached for his Bible, now always on his desk, and read:

"And everyone that was in distress and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented gathered themselves unto him: and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men."

Frémont's candidacy aroused not the slightest interest; his opposition to Lincoln was not taken seriously, and before September the nomination was withdrawn.

The Republican Convention, held on the seventh of June, in Baltimore, nominated Lincoln without opposition; a few votes, only—those from the Missouri radicals—were cast for Grant. The Democrats held their convention at the end of August, when they nominated George B. McClellan.

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Months before the presidential campaign was under way, the purely military aspect of the war had undergone a radical change. In February Congress passed a bill authorizing the President to appoint a lieutenant-general “to command the armies of the United States.” Only Washington had held this rank before; it was created anew, as everybody guessed, for the hero of Vicksburg. Congress was reluctant, but Lincoln eagerly signed the paper appointing Grant head of the army, with the rank of lieutenant-general.

Five days after his commission was confirmed by the Senate, on March 8, Grant was in Washington meeting Lincoln for the first time at an enthusiastic White House reception. Interviewing the President, “What special service is expected of me?” Grant asked. “Take Richmond,” was the reply. Moreover, Lincoln went on, he “did not wish to know the general’s plans of campaign.” There should be no interference—especially from Stanton, Grant stipulated.

On the thirtieth of April, General Grant

was off on his great hammering march to Richmond. Lincoln wrote to him:

"Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plan I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you."

Grant's reply was in amazing contrast with the grumbling communications to which the President had been accustomed from McClellan:

"I have been astonished at the readiness

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with which everything asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.”

But the Army of the Potomac rolled up no spectacular victories. Quite the contrary; every mile that marked the advance on Richmond exacted an appalling death toll of Union soldiers. Grant's policy of ceaseless hammering, absolutely right as it proved in the end, had a depressing effect on the country at large. His losses, also, necessitated a drafting order for 500,000 men, issued by Lincoln against the protests of all his friends on July 18. A situation so calamitous darkened the prospects for reelection. It might be dangerous, as Lincoln declared, to swap horses while crossing a stream, but a few victories for the Union arms were needed to give the voters confidence.

The victories came. On the twenty-fourth of August Admiral Farragut entered and bottled up that excellent naval stronghold

of the Confederacy, Mobile Bay. Ten days later General Sherman captured Atlanta and was off on his glorious march to the sea. In September and October that gallant cavalry officer, General Phil Sheridan, fought and won three battles in the Shenandoah Valley, effectually clearing that region of Confederate troops on his famous ride.

McClellan's campaign for the presidency was run on the issue that the war was a failure. The Charleston (S. C.) *Courier* put the logical outcome of this issue with a frankness fatal to McClellan's chances in the North: "Our success in battle insures the success of McClellan. Our failure will inevitably lead to his defeat." Victory under Farragut, Sherman, Sheridan gave the answer. In November there was a Republican landslide, reelecting Lincoln by 212 electoral votes against 21 for McClellan.

It was an overwhelming triumph for Lincoln and his war policy, leaving him unfettered to carry out the plans nearest to his heart. First among these was the stamping

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out of slavery. His Emancipation Proclamation was only a half-way measure, subject to repeal at the end of the war. Recompensed emancipation was the solution of the problem that he personally desired; but its inherent justice, its magnanimity did not appeal to Congress. Even the cabinet opposed it. The slave-holder must be made to suffer. Lincoln, forced to relinquish his favorite plan, argued strongly for the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution—“Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.” Congress voted 119 for, 56 against. Then it adjourned “in honor of this immortal sublime event.”

Multitudes besieged the White House. Lincoln received their congratulations with a few words. “The great job is ended,” he said.

Some weeks later, in his inaugural address, Lincoln reviewed the slavery issue and the

part it played in the war, contending, in an immortal passage that for sublimity raises this—Lincoln's last official utterance—to the level of the Gettysburg Address:

“The prayers of both (the North and the South) could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. ‘Wo unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but wo to that man by whom the offense cometh.’ If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the wo due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

“Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may

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speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.”

The end was now in sight. On the eve of his inauguration Lincoln received a message from Grant announcing that Lee was ready for “an interchange of views.” Also, there was word that Lee had notified Jefferson Davis of the necessity for abandoning Peters-

burg and Richmond. Desertions by the hundreds from the Confederate Army were of daily occurrence. Grant's mighty hammer was breaking through the last barriers of the enemy.

To be within reach of these great happenings Lincoln left Washington for City Point on March 22. Five days later, he held a conference with Generals Grant and Sherman and Admiral Porter on board the *River Queen*, near Grant's headquarters, on the James River. In another five days a message from Grant: "I think the President might come out and pay us a visit to-morrow."

That was April 3. There were only eleven days left. The last hours of tragedy pass swiftly!

Petersburg had fallen. On the morning following his invitation, Grant, accompanied by General Meade, escorted President Lincoln through the silent, deserted streets.

In Richmond it was different. After Davis, his cabinet and Congress had escaped

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with the Confederate archives, the dregs of the city—whites and negroes—were looting the houses, setting fire to countless buildings, rioting in an orgy of flames and indiscriminate destruction that resembled in its chaotic savagery a scenario in Paris during the reign of Marat or Robespierre.

Here, too, for a mile and a half, Lincoln walked the streets. The misery, the black desolation of war on every side, diverted his thoughts from his own danger. A sort of dazed melancholy came over him. “I never passed a more anxious time than in this walk,” wrote his escort, Captain Penrose, in his Diary. “In going up (the river) . . . we ran the risk of torpedoes and the obstructions; but I think the risk the President ran in going through the streets of Richmond was even greater, and shows him to have great courage. The streets of the city were filled with drunken rebels, both officers and men, and all was confusion. . . . A large portion of the city was still on fire.”

During his stay at City Point Lincoln be-

came thoroughly familiar with the details of army life. On one occasion he visited the great military hospital that was established there. Dr. Jerome Walker, who piloted him through the building, tells a characteristic story of what happened:

“Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said, ‘Mr. President, you won’t want to go in there; they are only *rebels*.’ I will never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, ‘You mean *Confederates*.’ And I have meant Confederates ever since.

“There was nothing left for me to do after the President’s remark but to go with him through these three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his handshakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men, as when he was among our own soldiers.”

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A few days afterwards he returned to Washington. There he learned that on April 9, at Appomattox, Lee had surrendered to Grant. The terms were in absolute agreement with those already discussed between the President and his great Lieutenant-General. There was no harshness; the welfare of the vanquished was the chief consideration. Lincoln expressed his emphatic approval of the merciful tone of Grant's conditions. His attitude hardly accorded with the indignation of those around him. "At least Jeff Davis should be hung," said one. "There can be no mercy after the horrors of Libby Prison," said another. To both Lincoln had the same answer: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." A close student of the Bible in the last few years, the humanity of the New Testament seems to have supplanted the relentless rigors of the Old. "All his plans of reconstruction," as one biographer (Norman Hapgood) puts it, "were in harmony not with the Mosaic law but with the Sermon on the Mount."

The war was over. The White House was the center of cheering crowds. Congratulations were heaped upon Lincoln for what had just happened. "No part of the honor, for plan, or execution, is mine," he remonstrated. "To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men, all belongs."

He was a changed man. The deep melancholy that had clouded his face for many months was gone. He made plans for the future. They had not fared very happily in Washington, he told his wife, but now it would be different. In the few years of the presidency that were left them, they would be able to lay aside a little money. Then they would be back in Springfield—and he would forget all the horrors of the war, working again with old Herndon. Mrs. Lincoln had never seen him so jubilant—except on the day before their son, Willie, died. Strange——

His happiness impressed everyone who knew him. He had several curious dreams. One pictured a funeral in the White House,

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another was the same dream that had come to him before the firing on Fort Sumter, Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg. But they did not worry him. The war was over. The bloodshed, the misery, the suffering need haunt him no more.

On Friday, April 14, “he was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him,” wrote Stanton, “rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition, and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him.”

It was a day of rejoicing. Old friends from Illinois were at the White House to see him.

He nearly forgot his theater engagement, swapping yarns with them, reading the latest humorous book, one by “John Phoenix.” In the midst of these typical enjoyments, obeying his wife’s urgent messages, he dressed for the evening, hurried through his dinner, and was ready for the theater. General and

Mrs. Grant should have been of the party, but were prevented at the last moment. In their place were a daughter of Senator Ira Harris, and Major Rathbone, his stepson. Lincoln's appearance in the presidential box was the signal for an ovation from the crowded audience. "Hail to the Chief" was played by the orchestra.

It was Ford's Theater, a benefit night for Laura Keene in *Our American Cousin*. The play was filled with just the kind of fun that appealed to the President; his frequent laughter was infectious.

Then, in the middle of one of the last acts, there was the sharp crack of a pistol. It had nothing to do with the business of the play. The audience was bewildered. The President's box was filled with smoke. A man stood on its flag-swept balustrade brandishing a dagger. He leaped to the stage shouting, "Sic semper tyrannis!"

John Wilkes Booth had shot President Lincoln through the head.

The assassin, one of a band of fanatics

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who had marked not only Lincoln, but Grant, Seward, Stanton for vengeance, escaped with a broken ankle. His victim, unconscious to the last, was carried to a cheap lodging-house across the street.

The city was in an uproar. Secretary Seward, also, had been attacked, but not fatally. An uprising was feared; martial law was declared. During the horrors of that night only Stanton seemed to keep his head. At Lincoln's bedside were four of his cabinet, his pastor, Doctor Gurley, his private secretary, Mrs. Lincoln, and their son, Robert.

Through the long night there was no sign, no sound from the dying President; only an occasional moan that told of his sufferings. He never recovered consciousness. Bulletins were sent out by the doctors to the silent crowds below. At twenty-two minutes past seven in the morning it was all over. Abraham Lincoln was dead.

“Now he belongs to the ages,” said Stanton.

Not until his death was the full beauty

and strength of Lincoln's character realized. The intense simplicity, democracy of his nature had grown familiar to the world at large, and had furnished excellent material for cartoonists and humorists to work upon. Their attacks passed him unheeded. From his earliest beginnings, in the days when he had to endure his father's persecutions, he showed a selflessness, a humorous modesty that got him into endless trouble in his crude love affairs but that added much to his spiritual stature as time went on. History does not show a man of finer magnanimities. He asked men who had grossly insulted him into his cabinet. He appointed his enemies to positions of the highest honor. He seemed incapable of inflicting punishment on others, as the War Department's records of desertions—"leg cases" he called them—abundantly show. He was the firmest friend that the South had in the North. His death was the greatest calamity that could have befallen the Southern States facing what had now become the horrors of Reconstruction.

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French liberals said of him after his death: “He saved the Republic without veiling the Statue of Liberty.”

From England came Tom Taylor’s eloquent tribute of repentance, published in the London *Punch*:

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln’s bier!

You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent sneer,

His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling
hair,

His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,

Of power or will to shine, of art to please;
You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil’s laugh,
Judging each step, as tho the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,

Of chief’s perplexity, or people’s pain!
Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,

Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?

General Grant spoke of him with his customary simplicity and truth:

“With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he had

intrusted commands, and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure, for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero; in his death the South lost its most just friend."

But perhaps the voice of the nation itself is best heard in that passionate outcry of Democracy's poet, Walt Whitman, to whom Lincoln was the very personification of a humanity that palpitates in the hearts of countless millions—the Lincoln triumphant:

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

Oh, the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

“ON THE DECK MY CAPTAIN LIES”

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells,
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
thrills,

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you
the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You’ve fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen, cold and dead.

CHRONOLOGY

- 1778 Birth of Thomas Lincoln.
- 1806 (June 12) Thomas Lincoln marries Nancy Hanks.
- 1809 (February 12) Abraham Lincoln is born on Sinking Spring Farm, Kentucky.
- 1816 The Lincolns leave Kentucky for Indiana.
- 1818 Death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln.
- 1828 First trip of Abraham to New Orleans.
- 1830 (March) Lincoln family moves to Illinois.
- 1830 Webster's debate with Hayne.
- 1831 Lincoln's second trip to New Orleans.
- 1832 He runs for State legislature and fails.
- 1832 He enlists in the Black Hawk War.
- 1834 He is elected to the State legislature.
- 1835 Death of Ann Rutledge.
- 1837 (April 12) Lincoln in partnership with Stuart in Springfield.
- 1840 Lincoln is engaged to marry Mary Todd.
- 1841 (January 1) The engagement is broken.
- 1841 Firm of Logan & Lincoln is formed.
- 1842 (November 4) Lincoln marries Mary Todd.
- 1844 Polk elected eleventh President.
- 1847 Lincoln serves term in Congress.
- 1848 Zachary Taylor elected twelfth President.
- 1849 Lincoln offered governorship of Oregon.

CHRONOLOGY

- 1850 Vice-President Millard Fillmore becomes
thirteenth President.
- 1852 Franklin Pierce elected fourteenth President.
- 1856 James Buchanan elected fifteenth President.
- 1857 Dred Scott Decision.
- 1858 Lincoln-Douglas debates in senatorial contest.
- 1859 (December 2) Execution of John Brown.
- 1860 (February 27) Lincoln's Cooper Union
Address.
- 1860 Lincoln elected sixteenth President.
- 1860 (December 20) South Carolina secedes
from the Union.
- 1861 (January 9) Mississippi secedes.
- 1861 (January 10) Florida secedes.
- 1861 (January 11) Alabama secedes.
- 1861 (January 19) Georgia secedes.
- 1861 (January 26) Louisiana secedes.
- 1861 (February 1) Texas secedes.
- 1861 (February 8) Provisional Constitution of
Confederacy adopted.
- 1861 (February 18) Jefferson Davis made pro-
visional President of Confederacy.
- 1861 (February 22) Permanent constitution
adopted by the Confederacy, and Davis
elected President for seven years.
- 1861 (March 4) Inauguration of Lincoln.
- 1861 (April 14) Fort Sumter falls.
- 1861 (July 21) Battle of Bull Run.
- 1861 (July 28) McClellan in command of
United States troops in West Virginia.

CHRONOLOGY

- 1861 (November) McClellan appointed Commander-in-Chief in the field.
- 1861 (November) Trouble with England over the *Trent*.
- 1862 (March 3) Lee ordered to Richmond as chief military adviser of Confederacy.
- 1862 (September 17) Battle of Antietam.
- 1862 (November 7) Burnside replaces McClellan.
- 1863 (January 1) Emancipation Proclamation.
- 1863 (May 1-6) Battle of Chancellorsville and second battle of Fredericksburg.
- 1863 (May 10) Death of Stonewall Jackson.
- 1863 (July 4) General Rosecrans drives Confederates out of Southern Tennessee.
- 1863 (July 4) Vicksburg surrenders to Grant.
- 1863 (July 4) Battle of Gettysburg.
- 1863 (October 16) U. S. Grant put in charge of military division of Mississippi.
- 1863 (November 19) Lincoln delivers his Gettysburg Address.
- 1863 (November 24-25) Battle of Chattanooga.
- 1864 (March 8) U. S. Grant appointed Lieutenant-General.
- 1864 (June 1-3) Battle of Cold Harbor.
- 1864 (June 15-18) Siege of Petersburg begins.
- 1864 (November) Lincoln reelected.
- 1865 (March 4) Lincoln's second inauguration.
- 1865 (April 9) Surrender of Lee at Appomattox.
- 1865 (April 14) Assassination of Lincoln.

